CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE | www.macleans.ca AUGUST 4 2003

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WHAT LEADERSHIP RACE?
The absence of a challenge could damage the Liberals

Q&A: KIM ROSSMO
A police profiler charts the landscape of crime

ROCKIN' ON—AND ON
Who can explain Led Zep's enduring appeal?

THE STUFF THAT DREAMS ARE MADE OF

Repressed feelings or daily concerns? New research tells us more about how dreaming works—and what it means



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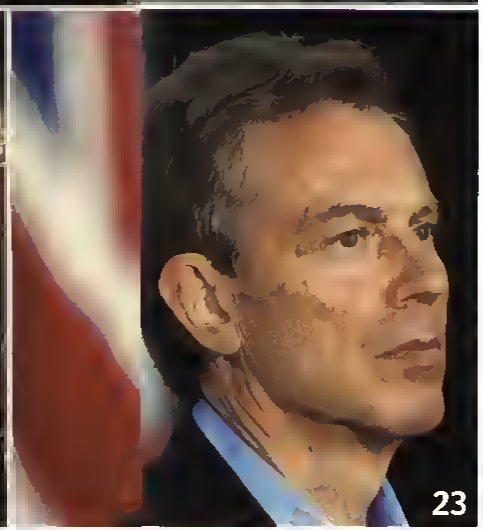
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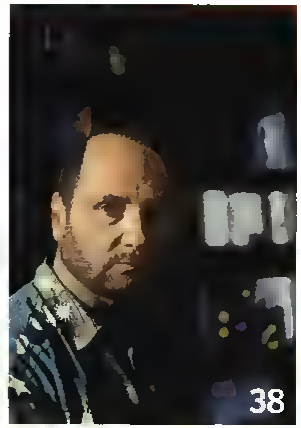
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NO PLACE(S) LIKE HOME

Over time, the way we define where we feel at ease can change—and surprise

GROWING UP in the city of my birth, I had the usual Montrealer's unshakeable conviction that no other place can match it—especially not Toronto. That certainty remained unchanged through years of living elsewhere—Quebec City, Moscow and Ottawa—so that each time I visited Montreal, I talked of "home"—and how no other place would ever be the same. It wasn't (irony of ironies) until I moved to Toronto six years ago that my definition of home changed. This is where my wife grew up, our kids were born, and our family life is rooted (and where my mother, brother and his family now live). It's thus the centre of the most important people and things in my present and future, and that makes me a Torontonian—even as Montreal remains special to me. There's nothing wrong with loving both places, I'd argue—and that is precisely what I have to do with friends from childhood days, who act betrayed any time I praise Toronto to them.

I mention that because, by happenstance, I've twice recently had conversations with well-known Canadians who have become American citizens (while also remaining Canadian). One is Nova Scotia-raised writer/broadcaster Robert MacNeil, who talked about his reasons for doing so in our July 14 issue; the other is Toronto-born, Ottawa-raised Peter Jennings, who said last month that after years of reflecting on the issue, he's also become an American.

At one level, acquiring new citizenship is a much bigger decision than changing cities within the same country. That said, many of the issues and emotions in both instances are the same, if on a different scale. At a certain point, my making a lot of noise about being a native Montrealer ceases to make sense, given that I haven't lived there since 1987. To identify myself, in civic terms, as anything other than a Torontonian—tempting as that might be, given the rest of the country's often-resentful feelings about the city—would be a denial of reality, and a slap at people in the place in which I've chosen to live.

The same logic applies to MacNeil and Jennings, both of whom have lived—and flourished—in America for decades. In Jennings's case, even if you're among those Canadians who regret his decision to take out American citizenship (he says there was a "mixed" reaction here to the move), it's worth considering his chosen timing. For years, Peter resisted intense pressure in the U.S.—including from within his ABC network—to become an American, simply because of concern over the optics of having a TV anchor who was not a citizen. That sort of decision, after all, is—or should be—taken for personal, not professional reasons. By taking out citizenship now, with America unpopular with many people (including Canadians), he deserves credit for doing so at a tough time—and making a strong statement about the depth of his fondness for his adopted country.

The mixed reaction here to that step reflects the usual Canadian ambivalence to things American—even as some Americans aren't feeling all that warmly toward us. With relations between Ottawa and Washington at low ebb, there's something to be said for having two high-profile Americans (Jennings and MacNeil) explaining Canada to Americans, and two prominent Canadians (the same guys) explaining the U.S. to us. At the same time, all you need to know is that Jennings remains a devout fan of the hockey team representing the city where he grew up—the Ottawa Senators—rather than the New York Rangers, as I remain a fan of the Canadiens, rather than the Maple Leafs. Now, *there's* a controversial topic that any Canadian can get passionate about.

Anthony Wilson-Smith

response@macleans.ca to comment on The Editor's Letter

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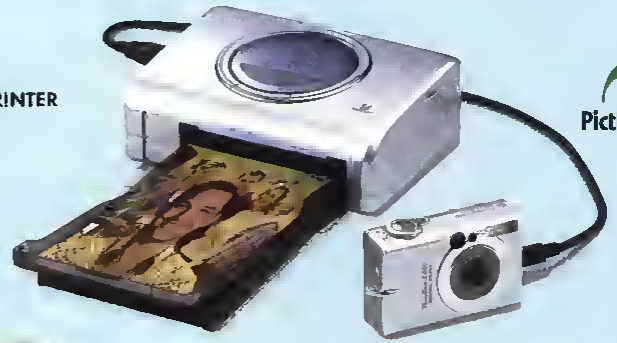


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'We are being hypocritical by saying we accept immigrants, but then not giving them a chance to succeed for themselves'—ALLISON HOWIE, South Simcoe, Ont.

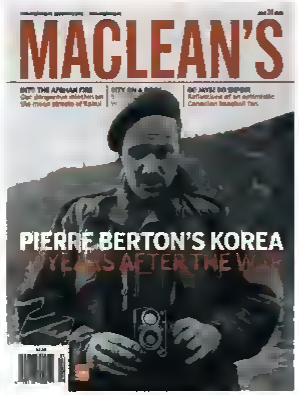
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Stories of heroism

Veterans of the Korean War are generally pleased to read any story such as "Pierre Berton's Korea" (Cover, July 21) that recognizes the role Canadians played in the conflict. I can attest to the chaotic recruitment process Berton mentions, as I was the officer who did most of the nasty job of weeding out the misfits recruited and posted to CFB Petawawa, near Pembroke, Ont. At the same time, Berton's article is incomplete, mainly because his assignment to Korea was quite brief, and he writes primarily about the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry. The Patricias certainly distinguished themselves, but other units also made significant contributions. For example, my own unit, 2nd Battalion, The Royal Canadian Regiment, played a major role in halting what may well have been a renewed Chinese thrust into South Korea on Guy Fawkes Day, in late 1951. While an American Army regiment lost over 500 men in that engagement as well as the feature they were supposed to hold, a single platoon of the RCR under Lieut. Ed Mastronardi from Toronto held its ground with only a handful of casualties (Ed was awarded the Military Cross for his efforts that night.) There are countless other stories of Canadian heroism in Korea. Perhaps one day they will be written.

Hugh S. Hardy, Guelph, Ont.

I served in Korea with the American Army of Occupation (1946-1947), and later with the Canadian Army as an infantry platoon commander with The Royal 22e Regiment (1951-1952). Having been there, I challenge Pierre Berton's reference to the U.S. troops who had been forced back into the Pusan Perimeter as the "ragtag American force of cooks and bottle washers." The men, such as those of the U.S. Army's 31 Infantry Regiment (with which I had served earlier) and a regiment that had survived the Baatan Death March in the Philippines at the end of the Second World War, could not be called ragtag. Naturally, as part of an occupation force that had been sent to Korea to oversee the peaceful return of that country to freedom



following years of brutal Japanese occupation, the regiment was not prepared, much like our peacekeepers would be today, to meet the surprise onslaught of the North Korean forces fully armed for war by the Soviets.

Col. W. B. MacLeod (Retired), Kingston, Ont.

As a history teacher, I try to educate my students on Canada's role in the World Wars as well as in Korea and UN peacekeeping duties. Many of my students at first have no clue as to Canada's once-feared military prowess, and far too many Canadians in general are unaware of Canada's role in the Korean War and the 309 men who lost their lives. I will be attending the memorial services at the Korean Memorial in Brampton, Ont., honouring Canada's contribution to that conflict. Korea doesn't get the media coverage of Vimy Ridge or Juno Beach, but it is definitely worth remembering.

Andrew Frise, Orangeville, Ont.

Thank you *Maclean's* and Pierre Berton for your cover package on Korea. All wars are horrible and so was the Korean War. Let's take note (prime ministers and presidents included) of Berton's statement, "Korea should have taught us that wars are no longer winnable."

Stan Penner, Landmark, Man.

Professional protectionism

Congratulations to Mary Janigan for highlighting the wisdom of providing prospective immigrants to Canada with complete information about the practice of their profession here, including assessing their qualifications for professional licensing before they make a life-changing decision to emigrate ("A scandalous waste" July 21). This is the approach Professional Engineers Ontario, the licensing and regulating body for engineering in the province, first put into practice in April 2001. Ontario has in recent years almost doubled the number of P.Eng. licences granted to internationally trained applicants, more than 60 per cent of whom meet the academic requirements for licensure without having to write any technical exams.

Kim Allen, CEO/Registrar, Professional Engineers Ontario, Toronto

Should we have different educational requirements for people vying for the same job, based solely on point of origin? Should we accept a person's claim of "equivalent experience" without formalized testing by the professional bodies that regulate the applicable trade or profession? Will we also allow Canadians with lesser qualifications to claim "equivalent experience" in lieu of education? How can applying minimum academic standards to all potential applicants be possibly viewed as a "scandalous waste"?

Rick Petryshen, Kamloops, B.C.

Pools on the West Bank

Although Anna Porter ("Words, guns and anguish," Middle East, July 21) eloquently describes the sad predicament of both parties in the Holy Land, she fails to recognize the systemic and intolerable racism directed against Arabs. For example, some native-born Palestinian farmers in the West Bank cannot feed their families because Israel forbids them from drilling wells, while newly arrived Jewish settlers from Brooklyn and Toronto splash about in their swimming pools as no such restrictions apply to them. Peace is impossible until such obscene injustice ends.

John Dirik, Montreal

Anna Porter spent a week in Israel and the West Bank. I just came back from three weeks in the tiny village of Yanoun, near Nablus in

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the West Bank. Last October, the messianic Jewish zealots of the Itamar settlement finally forced the Palestinian families to leave their homes and move in with relatives in neighbouring villages. Two days later, Israeli peace activists, augmented by international activists, came to Yanoun and convinced the families to move back. Picture Israelis helping Palestinian families pack up and transport their belongings back to the village of their fathers, grandfathers, great grandfathers. This is what happened, and then the International Women's Peace Service promised the villagers that there would be volunteers there to help ward off the settlers. This is why I was there. It is too bad that Porter could not have spent a few days in Yanoun, meeting some of the most peaceful and hospitable people in the world. Instead, she went to a Jewish settlement. Even though these colonies make up 10 per cent of the population, they control 45 per cent of the land of the West Bank, 80 per cent of the water resources and all of the first-class roads, which Palestinians are not allowed to use. Until they have been dismantled, there can be no just peace between Israelis and Palestinians.

Louis Schmittroth, Athabasca, Alta.

Word play

You wrote that the Supreme Court agreed that Ottawa could keep the "principle" on money held in trust for mentally disabled veterans (The Week, July 28). If the "principle" stayed with the treasury, it would be somewhat of a milestone. By retaining the interest on the *principal* owed to the veterans, the treasury board has shown that it has no principles.

Ralph Ritcey, Kamloops, B.C.

Josef Penninger

The article "A research mystery: Why has controversy dogged one of the world's hottest scientists?" (June 16, 2003) fails to point out that much of the scientific work of Josef Penninger and his laboratory in heart disease has been reproduced. The Penninger laboratory has identified multiple peptides that can induce heart inflammation. In my own laboratory, we have used these peptides successfully for our work and I know of at least two laboratories that have used these peptides successfully, too. As a matter of fact, one of the heart disease-inducing peptides identified in the Penninger laboratory, M7A alpha (a component of cardiac myosin), is considered the absolute standard in the field, having thus been included in immunology manuals (*Current Protocols in Immunology*) as a new model for experimental autoimmune disease, and multiple peer reviewed papers using this peptide have been published confirming the work of Josef Penninger. One astonishing part of your article is the claim that the Penninger lab "found the first biological proof that chlamydia could cause heart disease," and another scientist could not duplicate Penninger's work. Many other laboratories have established that chlamydia infections cause heart inflammation cardiovascular disease. What the Penninger laboratory published is the identification of a specific peptide motif which is present in some chlamydia proteins and that such peptides can induce heart inflammation. As a researcher involved in the study of heart inflammation, I am deeply insulted that *Maclean's* published an article that casts a shadow over the scientific work of Josef Penninger. He has always been an extremely good colleague and has always shared his reagents, including his heart peptides, with other investigators so they can study the same disease. All data published in peer reviewed journals on heart peptides in fact confirm and substantiate his work.

Dr. Urs Eriksson, Basel University Hospital, Switzerland



Eloquently describing the sad predicament of both parties in the Holy Land

I have known Josef Penninger for almost 10 years and have continuously interacted with him scientifically over that period. He is among the most imaginative and effective scientists I have been associated with. As a consequence of his outstanding publication record, he has attracted a lot of attention from the scientific and lay press. Some of his peers consider his accomplishments too good to be true. There may be many reasons for this, including professional jealousy. Whatever, Penninger's science is not the issue. He has never backed away from controversial ideas. This has clearly caused some friction among some scientists. Such disagreements are a natural part of the discovery process. Penninger's work has an enviable record of validation and sets standards for others. He has opened dialogues with competing scientists, is very generous in sharing information and provides his reagents to many scientists upon request. The Austrian Academy of Sciences has achieved what dozens of others had tried and failed to do—lure him away. I am very sorry to see him leave Toronto. He has had to endure questions and smears while remaining silent, unable to defend himself in the gossip trails. Despite all of what he has been through, Penninger has always put his laboratory staff first. His accomplishments speak for themselves, and I know that the best is yet to come.

Dr. Jim Woodgett, Toronto

Unpublished data from our laboratory has been cited in your article in a simplified manner that may give the reader the impression that Josef Penninger has produced data in a fraudulent way. We would like to make it clear that we have no indication that Penninger or his collaborators have manipulated, fabricated or falsified data. It is a fact,

CHRISTOPHER ANDERSON/VII



MACLEAN'S BEHIND THE SCENES



FROM GARBAGE TO GUITAR GODS

For *Maclean's* Section Editor Jonathan Durbin, "journalism is a great profession." Durbin (above), who co-wrote this week's article on rock legend Led Zeppelin, adds that reporting "offers an opportunity to learn about things that interest you anyway. And that's incredibly stimulating."

Before joining *Maclean's* in April, Durbin worked for *Paper*, the hip New York magazine that reports on that city's hottest restaurants, clubs and fashions. "I started as the editor of their Web site," he says. "It was one of the best educations you could get on New York's art, music and social scenes."

There, Durbin did everything from selling ads to writing features, while interviewing the likes of comedian Jimmy Fallon, the rock group the Strokes and actress Patricia Arquette, who dubbed him "dream warrior."

A native of Toronto, Durbin received his BA from McGill University and interned in Montreal for *Vice* magazine, before enrolling at the Columbia Graduate School of Journalism. "Students were assigned districts as 'beats,' where they lived and reported on what was happening every day," he says. "Mine was the South Bronx. One professor insisted that journalists are only taken seriously if they look presentable. But I realized that a suit-wearing white guy in the South Bronx wasn't going to cut it." Eventually, Durbin earned his neighbours' trust, and did his thesis on problems with local garbage disposal and the grassroots activism they sparked.

Today, Durbin is happy to be back home, writing about current events and culture, something that's apparent in this week's defence of Led Zeppelin. "Not liking Led Zeppelin is like not liking Jerry Bruckheimer," he says. "Admittedly, *Armageddon* wasn't a very intellectually rewarding movie. But if you can't enjoy it, you might want to get your humanity checked."

Visit *Maclean's* archives at *macleans.ca* for recent stories by Jonathan Durbin.
For further information about this article, contact: behindthescenes@macleans.ca

THE MAIL

that PI3K gamma null mice developed tumours in the Penninger lab in the past. Penninger has sent us two PI3K gamma null mice with tumours, which were thoroughly analyzed in our lab. Two further males received in the same shipment were used to start a mouse colony with the Penninger knockout allele. When this colony was analyzed (unpublished, preliminary data), we found that the frequency of tumours was drastically reduced compared to the numbers given in Penninger's original *Nature* publication. While this indicated that PI3K gamma is not a tumour suppressor per se, it does not contradict the fact that Penninger has really seen the tumours in his lab. One explanation (others are possible) for the discrepancy is that the embryonic stem cells Penninger has used to create his mice had an unfortunate mutation leading to tumour development, and that this mutation was then genetically segregated from the PI3K gamma null allele when we crossed Penninger's male mice with females from another source. By sending us his mice, Penninger has shown that he is ready to accept a scientific challenge of his interpretations. I hope that the discussion of the above controversy will get back to a fact-based, scientific level. Together with Penninger and other labs we are currently evaluating all available data on PI3K gamma and colon tumours with the aim to publish a coherent analysis of the role of PI3K gamma in colon cancer.

Matthias P. Wymann, Fribourg, Switzerland

This article quotes statements suggesting that the inquiry into allegations concerning the integrity of the research of the Penninger lab was "amateurish," "scandalous" and a "cover-up." It should be noted that the inquiry was convened under the joint auspices of the University Health Network, which oversees more than $100 million of research per annum, and Amgen, a giant research-intensive biotechnology firm that had helped to sponsor Josef Penninger's lab. The inquiry included five distinguished scientists, two of whom were respected, senior and impartial academics based in Toronto. The unanimous conclusion of the inquiry committee was that scientific rigour and good laboratory practices were evident in the research of the Penninger lab and that allegations to the contrary were unfounded.

Peter Lewis, Vice-Dean, Research, Faculty of Medicine, University of Toronto, Toronto



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MACLEAN'S
ROGERS

to the next. If we have a national flaw, it's our inability to think long range. What the Americans want is most likely our water, our power grid and, most of all, for our natural resources to not compete with theirs in an open market.

Most Canadians, left or right, have a deep distrust of recent trade agreements when it comes to energy, water and nature

parks, by Canadian astronaut Roberta Bondar. The top two photos are from her new book, *Canada: Landscape of Dreams*.



Justice | The search for victims spreads as Pickton is bound over for trial

In a drowsy courtroom in Port Coquitlam, B.C., Robert (Willy) Pickton, a slight, stone-faced pig farmer, doodled on a writing pad but otherwise showed little emotion as a provincial judge bound him over for trial as Canada's worst serial killer. The 53-year-old Pickton is charged with the murder of 15 women, all sex-trade workers from Vancouver's tenderloin area in a case that is proceeding with a slow, almost surreal turning of the judicial wheel.

Outside the court, families of the missing women huddled for comfort, many of them clearly drained by the dispassionate way Judge David Stone summarized 60 days of testimony—covered by a blanket publication ban—in a half-hour address. Meanwhile, a short ride up the Fraser Valley, in a swamp beside a busy highway, the RCMP opened a surprise new search site. Since February 2002, hundreds of investigators have combed the Pickton farm, a sprawling property about 35 km east of Vancouver. Now part of the team is being shifted to the swampy site near Mission, half an hour from the farm, where a skull was found in 1995.

All this is part of a case that Stone called "likely unique in Canadian criminal law in its evidentiary scope." Pickton was initially charged with two counts of murder; this was upped to 15 before the preliminary hearing. Since then seven more bodies have come to light and how high the final number will be is anyone's guess. The police task force is investigating the disappearance of more than 60 Vancouver-area women, many of them drug addicts, since the early 1980s.

There was a time when these missing women elicited little more than well-intentioned clucking and TV dramas. But the first grisly discoveries on the farm lit a fire under police. Pickton's trial may not begin for another year, though the Crown said it is prepared to move on the 15 cases it has. For the families of victims, however, nothing short of a full accounting will be enough.



Investigators comb a swamp near Mission, B.C.; the accused in court

ScoreCard

▼ **Liberal leadership:** John Manley's departure does nothing to change this race's long ride to nowhere. Alleged debate is bland, insubstantial and tedious. And still endless months to go. Like the kids say: are we there yet?

▼ **Air Canada food:** Struggling airline cuts "free" meals on shortish flights. Will be missed as much as, oh, John Manley's contribution to leadership debate, and for same reasons: bland, insubstantial, etc. Like they say in economy: are we there yet?

▲ **Torredonjimeno:** Mayor makes tiny Spanish town a "reference point" for equality by decreeing every Thursday women's night out. Men fined for straying from house duties. Cheer up, guys! Still six nights to party, and now one for poker.

▼ **Sock-her mom:** Grande Prairie, Alta., woman gives minivan moms a black eye. Pleads guilty to driving teen son and friends around town to beat apologies from kids in schoolyard tiff. Can't have boys walk such dangerous streets.

▼ **House guests:** Love 'em, but certain rules apply: phone first, and a week max, please. Pity Nawaf al-Zaydan Muhhamad who finds Qusay and Uday Hussein at his door. It's 24 days before U.S. troops blast them out. And the house? What a mess!

Quote of the week | 'In those days, before news photos, displaying the enemies' heads was a common way of publicizing something like the death of a movement.'

Islamic historian FREDERICK DENNY on the killing and creation of the first Shia martyr in 680 CE

RICHARD LAM/CP PHOTO (TOP); JANE WOLSAK/CP



WILL NO ONE HELP? With an over extended U.S. trying to sit this one out, rag tag rebels ignored a posted ceasefire and began a street-by street battle with equally bedraggled Liberian soldiers loyal to President Charles Taylor, an accused war criminal, in the capital Monrovia. Descendants, largely, of freed American slaves, modern-day Liberians appear to have given up on their American dream Destitute, and with the hunt of cholera in the air, they dumped bodies of dead civilians in front of the U.S. embassy and begged nearby Nigeria to come to their aid

WORLD

ABUSE At least 789 children were sexually abused by 250 priests and church workers in Boston's Catholic archdiocese over the past 63 years, an exhaustive 16-month grand jury investigation concluded Massachusetts Attorney General Thomas Reilly blamed the **church's culture of secrecy** for the fact that abuse went on so long, and weak child protection laws for his inability to lay charges

SOLOMON ISLANDS A contingent of nearly 2,300 international troops, led by Australia, began policing the **nearly lawless** Solomon Islands in the South Pacific after its government lost control to warring gangs The latest outrage was the uncaring exportation of 28 dolphins to a tourist operation in Cancun, Mexico, part of a large-scale dolphin hunt organized, it was said, by a Canadian

AL-QAEDA Iran acknowledged for the first time it has imprisoned senior al Qaeda operatives including, the CIA said, the network's number 2 guy, Ayman al-Zawahiri Saudi Arabia also arrested 16 al-Qaeda militants And a **Syrian tip** is said to have foiled a sleeper cell plot to attack the U S embassy in Ottawa in the past year or so

At the same time, Taliban guerrillas from Pakistan stepped up attacks in Afghanistan, former home of the Osama bin Laden network, where **Canadian troops arrived** this week to take up peacekeeping duties

SEPT. 11 The FBI and the CIA **failed to cooperate** and to heed early warnings that terrorists planned to attack the U S , a damning congressional report concluded. An unearthed intelligence snippet from 1998 read "Plans to hijack U S aircraft proceeding well Two individuals had successfully evaded checkpoints in dry run at N Y airport"

TOURISM Thirteen people, mostly foreign tourists, were injured when two bombs ripped through **beachfront hotels** on Spain's Mediterranean coast The Basque separatist group ETA claimed responsibility, also for a third near Pamplona

OSSUARY Israeli police laid fraud charges against Oded Golan, a Tel Aviv antiquities dealer whose purported discovery of the burial box that may have contained the **bones of James**, brother of Jesus, shook the religious world Police displayed forgery equipment found in his home

AMERICANA With the petitions counted, California officials declared an ultra-rare **recall vote** to unseat unpopular Democratic Governor Gray Davis, an event that could take place as early as Sept 23.

New York City councillor James Davis was shot and killed inside city hall by a political opponent who had complained the councillor was threatening to disclose unflattering information about him The gunman was instantly killed by a police officer who fired four shots into **the public balcony**

BEN CURTIS/AP PHOTO



The Medical POSTING

ROGERS

Toxin treats migraine, muscle and wrist pain

Botulinum toxin—the powerful muscle paralyzer used to treat conditions as varied as facial wrinkles, eyelid twitching and excessive sweating—is also showing promise as a pain reliever

Dr David Dodick, director of the Mayo Clinic headache program in Scottsdale, Ariz., says botulinum toxin type A (Botox) can reduce the frequency, duration and severity of migraine attacks when used as a preventive treatment

Even people who experience at least 15 episodes a month and haven't responded to other medications show improvement with botulinum toxin 50 to 80 per cent of the time, Dodick says

Dr Terry Millette, a neurologist at the Mississippi Neurological Institute in Pascagoula, says botulinum toxin type B (Myobloc) may help people with myofascial pain syndrome—a common type of chronic muscle pain He reviewed the medical charts of 20 people who were treated with botulinum toxin injections after failing to respond to other treatments When the patients were evaluated at one month, more than half had a good-to-excellent reduction in symptoms such as pain and muscle spasms

Dr Marco Pappagallo, director of the Comprehensive Pain Treatment Center in New York, says botulinum toxin type B also reduces pain and improves sleep in people with carpal tunnel syndrome.

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Men with sleep apnea at risk for diabetes

Men suffering from obstructive sleep apnea—a condition in which they periodically stop breathing during sleep—are also at increased risk for diabetes

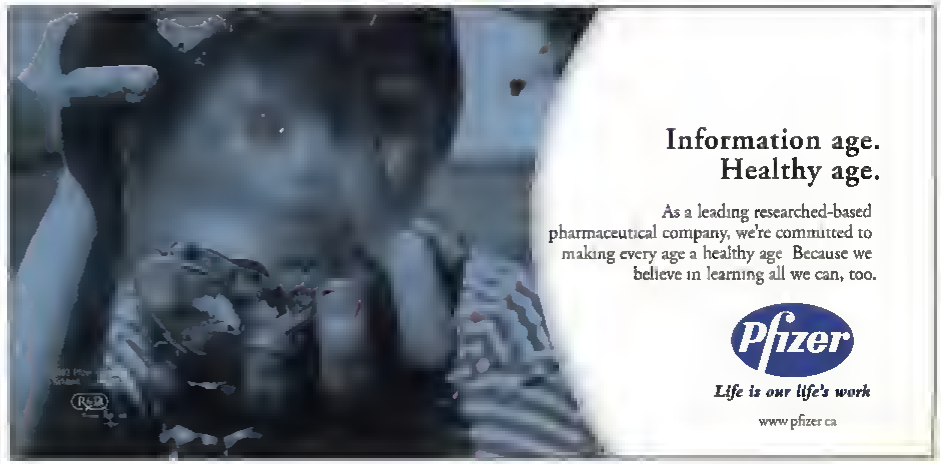
Over three years, researchers at Angers University Hospital in France assessed all male snorers who were referred to them by a family doctor for suspected sleep apnea The diagnosis of sleep apnea was confirmed in 494 of 595 men The men tended to be in their mid-50s, overweight, and have high blood pressure They were also more than twice as likely to have diabetes as the snorers who did not have sleep apnea.

The researchers think the fall in blood oxygen levels caused by interrupted breathing could pave the way for problems with the body's metabolism They suggest people with sleep apnea should be tested regularly for diabetes Overall, 40 per cent of the diabetic men in the study had not been previously diagnosed

FYI

In 2000/01, 22 8 per cent of Canadian adults smoked daily, 14 3 per cent were obese, 21 3 per cent engaged in physical activity less than four times a month, and 12 8 per cent reported being in fair or poor health

(Source: Canadian Community Health Survey, Statistics Canada)





HEAVY BURDEN Dominic Martin (left) carries the coffin of daughter Audrey, 23 months, as wife Sylvie Dubé trails. A Montreal actuary, Martin was charged with manslaughter when, after a change in routine, he forgot to drop the sleeping toddler off at day-care and she spent eight hours in a sweltering car while he went off to work.

CANADA

KAZEMI Canada recalled its ambassador to Iran and is considering trade or travel sanctions against the theocratic regime after it ignored diplomatic requests to return the body of Montreal photojournalist Zahra Kazemi, who died after being beaten in a Tehran jail. The Kazemi affair has roiled relations between the two countries, which have become trading partners in recent years. It has also created turmoil within Iran between reformists and hardliners. State prosecutor Saeed Mortazavi, one of Kazemi's interrogators and a favourite of the conservative clerics, was assigned and then removed from the inquiry into her death.

VERDICT After seven days of deliberation, a Toronto jury found two 20-year-old men guilty of **kicking to death** Matti Baranovski, a slight, 15 year-old honour student who had refused their demand for cigarettes. The two were 16 at the time of the 1999 incident which rocked Toronto for its gratuitous violence. A third accused, an Israeli visitor, was acquitted after a four-and-a-half-month trial in which the judge described many of the key witnesses as "unsavoury" and prone to lying.

CRIME RATE The national crime rate for 2002 represented a drop of 27 per cent since 1992. **Armed robberies** declined by an even larger 62 per cent over the decade.

BY MICHAEL De ADDER



STAR WARS KID A Trois Rivières, Que., adolescent who became an Internet sensation when classmates uploaded a video of him energetically wielding a golf ball retriever like a light sabre has had to change schools and seek psychiatric counselling. His parents filed a civil suit against four classmates and their parents for exposing their son to **ridicule**.

BUSINESS **Air Canada** will stop serving light meals on certain flights under 3½ hours unless passengers wish to purchase them separately. It was also found to have underpriced two routes from Montreal and Toronto to the Maritimes in the first phase of a hearing to determine whether it was unfairly undercutting competitors.

Ottawa freed up an additional $1.2 billion in loans to international buyers of regional aircraft from Montreal's ailing **Bombardier Inc.** At the same time, the cabinet put off a decision to back Bombardier's proposed high-speed train link between Quebec City and Windsor, Ont.

The B.C. government **abandoned** plans to lease the Coquihalla Highway, the gateway to the interior, to private partners because of opposition from local residents. It was the second public-private venture cancelled in recent months.

KISSY-FACE Two weeks after being whapped in the face with a cream pie at the Calgary Stampede, Alberta's Ralph Klein faced a **different kind of protest** in Edmonton: six same-sex couples who fondled each other and necked their way through a breakfast speech.

HEALTH

TRANSPLANT Viennese surgeons performed the world's **first tongue transplant**, on a 42-year-old man with a malignant tumour so large he couldn't speak or swallow.

APE DIET Toronto researchers have developed a dietary alternative to anti-cholesterol drugs, a low fat vegetarian regime of soy, leafy plants and almonds that mimics the diet of apes and other human forebears.

DEET Applying the insect repellent DEET along with sunscreen may cause rashes and sudden changes in blood pressure because the **sunscreen** increases absorption of other chemicals, Winnipeg scientist Xiaochen Gu reported after a two year study.

RYAN REMIORZ/CP PHOTO

Adult High School ON Agincourt Collegiate Institute ON Alberta School for the Deaf AB Algonquin College ON Allan A. Martin Separate Public School ON Allan School SK Argyle Alternative School MB Ashbury College ON Assumption College ON ATU International Institute of Technology BC B.C. Technical Institute BC Barrie Learning Centre ON Barrington Municipal High School NS Basque Memorial All Grade School NF Bear Creek Secondary School OH Beaumont Composite High School AB Beaver Brae Secondary School OH Bellewood School ON Belmont Secondary School BC Bishop Smith Catholic High School ON Bliss Carman Senior Public School Bluefield High School PE Bow Valley College AB Bowling Green State University OH Bowmanville High School OH Bramalea Secondary School ON Brampton Centennial Secondary School ON Brampton Christian Academy ON Bridgetown Regional High School NS Brianna Secondary School AB Brock University ON Bronte College ON Brookfield High School ON Brookswood Secondary School BC Burnaby North Secondary BC C.I.S. ON Calgary Academy AB Calgary Christian School AB Calvin College MI Calvin Park Public School, ON Canadian Bible College SK Canadian Conversation College Calgary AB Captain Meares Elementary Secondary School BC Carberry Collegiate MB Carbonnear Collegiate NF Cardinal Carter Catholic Secondary School Leamington, ON Career Essentials Inc. OH Career Link/GEDSE ON Carman Collegiate MB Carson Graham Secondary School BC Caswell Community School SK Cayuga Secondary School, ON Canadian English Academy AB, Canadian Forces Language School QC Cecil Facer School ON Cégep de la Gaspésie QC Cégep de St-Laurent QC Cegep Limoilou QC Central Algoma Secondary School ON Central Elgin Collegiate Institute ON Central Huron Secondary School ON Central Peel Secondary School ON CET ON Chantilly Academy QC Chaplean High School ON Charlettetown Rural High School PE Chestermere High School AB Chief Alfred Wright School NT Clmel Jimmy Bruneau Regional High School, NT Chief Julie's School HT Chief T'Selnhye School, NT Cité des Jeunes HB Cité étu de la Haute-Gatineau QC Clayton Heights Secondary School BC Clover Bar Junior High School AB Coalhurst High School, AB Collège de Sherbrooke QC Collège Jeanne Sauvé MB Collège Lafleche QC Collégn Mennu QC Collège Montmarency QC College of the Rockies BC College Regional Notre-Dame MB Colonel Gray Senior High School PE Colonel Macleod Middle School AB Conrad Public School ON Conestoga College ON Confederation College ON Consort School AB Coronation School SK Cremona School Cremona, AB Crescent School ON Dakota Collegiate MB David & Mary Thompson Collegiate Institute, ON Dease Lake School BC Delta Junior Alternate Delta Secondary School BC Drumu School NT Didsbury High School AB Dinsmore Consolidated School SK Dr. Norman Bethune College Institute ON Dryden High School ON DW Poppy Secondary School BC E.C. Drury School Deaf OH E.S. Laird Middle School SK Eastend School SK Ebb & Flow School, MB Enuln acad emie de Pomquet NS École Public St ON École secondaire Fabrun C mere Learning Centre AB Elizabeth High School QC Elizabeth Wyn Wood Site, ON Elkhorn School Elmvale District High School ON Elmwood Elementary School AB, Englehart High School ON Erie Secondary School ON Esterhazy High School SK Esler Secondary School Fairbairn PALS Fairfax Junior Senior High School Fairview Elementary School Fanshawe Secondary School ON Fanshawe Secondary School Frankenan Secondary School Garibaldi Secondary School, Gateway Christian School ON Genesis School Program Georgian Peninsula Secondary School ON Gerald R. Fairbanks Public School ON Glenforest Secondary School ON Glenlawn Collegiate Institute ON Grand Manan Community School Grande Prairie Regional High School AB Greater Victoria Christian Academy BC Greenwood Secondary School ON Grenfell Regional High School NF H.C. 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MB N.C.C.E. ON New Glasgow High School NS New Canadians Centre YMCA ON Newtonbrook Secondary School, ON Niagara College ON Nivervllle Collegiate MB NorQuest College AB, North Battleford Comprehensive High School SK Northern Collegiate ON Northern Lights College BC Northwest Community College BC Notre Dame Secondary School NF Nova Scotia Community College NS O'Donnel High School NF O'Gorman High School ON O'Sullivan College QC Oakridge Public School ON Okanagan University College BC Olds Koinonia Christian School AB, Occupational Preparation Program, NS Orillia District Collegiate ON Osgoode Township High ON P.A.L.S. NF P.W. Kaeser High School ON Pan Orchard High School ON Parkside Collegiate Institute ON Parkland College SK Parkview Adventist Academy AB Parry Sound High School ON Peter Prisealak School NU Pilot Mound Collegiate MB Pine Ridge Middle School NS, Pine Ridge Secondary School ON Pleasantdale Central School SK PMLC ON Polyvente W.A. Lus er NB Ponnka Composite High School AB Port Weller Public School ON Pretty River Academy ON Prince Charles Secondary School BC Princess Wales Secondary School BC Provost Public School AB Pursuit High School Program, AB Qnjrtaa Ihakvik High School NU Quilicum Beach Middle School BC Queen Elizabeth District High School ON Queen Elizabeth High NF Queen Elizabeth High School AB Queen Elizabeth Junior/Senior High School, AB Queen Elizabeth Park School ON Queen's University ON R.T. Alderman Junior High School AB Regina High School, NF Reginolds Notre Dame ON Rivervale Regional High School QC Riverview Collegiate Moosn Jaw SK Robert F. 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AB Stratford Central Secondary School ON Strathearn School AB Sunshine Montessori School ON Sussex Middle School NB Sutton District High School ON Swan River First Nation AB Swan Valley Regional Secondary School MB Tancook Bell School ON Tewe Mikn Heritage School AB The University of Akron OH The university of Manitoba MB The York School, ON Three Oaks Senior High School PE Treeline School ON Trinity College School ON Truro Adult High School NS Tsuu T'ina Inside Senior High School AB Turner Fenton Secondary School ON Two Hills High School AB Two Hills High School AB University Community College BC University of Guelph ON University of Regina SK University of Saskatchewan, SK University of Toronto, ON University of Windsor ON University of Waterloo, ON Uplands Community Learning Centre ON Vancouver Community College BC Vancouver Technical Secondary School BC Vanier College QC Vincent Massey MB, W.C. Eckel Secondary School ON Wagner High School AB W.P. Wagner High School AB Wasagamingwan School QC Wau pow School MB Wasse Abs High School ON Waverly Public School ON Webber Academy AB, Welborne Avenue Public School ON Welland Centennial Secondary School ON Welland Centennial Secondary School ON West Elgin Secondary School West Island College QC Westaskawin Campus Norquest C, AB Western Secondary School ON Westside Comprehensive High School PE, Westlink Learning Stn AB Weston Christian Academy ON Weston School QC Weston School QC Whitemouth School MB William Aberhart High School AB Winchester Public School ON Winnipeg Airfil Education Centre MB Winston Churchill College ate Institute ON Winston Knoll Collegiate SK Woburn Collegiate ON Wood Street Centre YT Woodbridge College ON Worsley Central School AB Yukon College YT

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ARE POLLS WORTH IT?

The media may be spending too much time, and money, on pollsters

IN THE FINAL decade of his life, John Diefenbaker never stopped fighting the good fight—and as a young reporter on the Prairies, I had the chance to witness some of the Chief's best moves. On his way home to Prince Albert, Sask., from Ottawa each weekend, the former prime minister would often hold a news conference while waiting for his connecting flight at the Winnipeg airport. He'd rail against Pierre Trudeau, the Liberals in general, and then with that mischievous look on his face, he'd save a few shots for some in his own party—the ones who'd dumped him as leader. Occasionally he'd have a few other targets as well, such as public opinion surveys. "Polls are only good for dogs," the Chief used to say, and then everyone would have a good laugh.

Those were different days for polls and pollsters. First, there were very few of them in this country—and despite Dief's warning, it was quite the big deal when one did come out. The Gallup organization used to release one every month, and the broadcast networks and newspapers gave the results big play—in fact, it was considered quite the journalistic coup if you managed to get the results a day early. The Liberals had their own pollster, Martin Goldfarb, who was considered the Canadian polling guru of that era. He had very little home-grown competition—even the Opposition Tories went to the United States to get pollsters to do their research. That changed through the 1980s and '90s, to the point where now there seem to be Canadian pollsters everywhere you turn. Some, like Allan Gregg, Bruce Anderson, Frank Graves, Conrad Wynn, Darryl Bricker, Michael Adams, Donna Dasko and Michael Marzolini, to cite just a few, have become as well known as some of the politicians and parties whose popularity they are paid to gauge.

The polling community is an intriguing group—you rarely, if ever, hear one pollster publicly criticize another. Yet it's a very competitive business, so you do hear private grumbling about technique, methodology, and who's working for whom. The latest target of that low-level rumble is Frank Graves of Ottawa-based Ekos Research Associates Inc. Graves has been known to do work for the Chrétien PMO, which is no crime, but it does make his future interesting. Paul Martin (insert the obligatory "if he wins" here, please) is expected to clean house of all past Chrétien pals/advisers/hangers-on, which means there could be an opening for a new Ottawa based pollster who has the PM's ear. With that background, Graves recently forecast that a Martin-led Liberal party would leave the Opposition Alliance with "no chance of contending on the national stage." Graves says his numbers don't lie. His critics, some in Alliance and some in his business, say the numbers are all about a pollster positioning himself for the transition of power.

Whatever the case, it's his firm conclusion that is interesting. There used to be a time, and it wasn't that long ago, when pollsters made a point of saying their work was simply a snapshot of public opinion at the time it was taken, that it gave politicians and the public the chance to see what people *had* been thinking, not what they *would* be thinking. But Graves's pronouncement is another example of how times have changed. Those old precautions, which formed the premise of how to use polls, seem to be forgotten. These days, more and more, you hear pollsters and their media supporters talking about poll findings as predictions of things certain to happen. I've never been particularly comfortable with the amount of time, and money, we in the media spend on polls and their results—and this latest episode has only reinforced those reservations. Maybe John Diefenbaker was right. Now, where are the dogs?

Peter Mansbridge is Chief Correspondent of CBC Television News and Anchor of *The National*. To comment: letters@macleans.ca

Passages

RELEASED After 31 years in prison, Romeo **Phillion** (below)—convicted of murdering an Ottawa firefighter in 1967—was released on $50,000 bail while the federal justice minister investigates whether he was wrongfully convicted. Eligible for parole for the past 20 years, Phillion, 64, never applied because he refused to admit guilt. Also freed: British novelist and former politician **Jeffrey Archer**, 63, who served half of a four-year jail term for perjury and perverting the course of justice.



AILING Uganda's former dictator **Idi Amin**, believed to be 80, was comatose in hospital in Saudi Arabia where he has been living in exile. During Amin's brutal reign from 1971 to 1979, it's estimated that more than 200,000 Ugandans were tortured and killed.

WON Just after **Émilie Heymans** became the first Canadian to win a tower diving world championship, **Alexandre Despatie** of Laval, Que., won the platform diving title. Despatie, 18, was awarded two perfect scores of 10 on his dive at the world championships in Barcelona.

ACCEPTED **Eva Vertes**, the Hamilton high-school student who won international acclaim for her Alzheimer's disease research, will be going to Princeton University. Vertes, 18, was rejected by three Ontario universities because she didn't complete required courses for admission while spending her final high-school year doing research at an Italian university. Vertes was featured on the cover of *Maclean's* last September in a report on the leaders of tomorrow.

FOUND The body of former NHL first-round draft pick **Duncan MacPherson** was discovered frozen in the Austrian Alps—14 years after his disappearance. MacPherson, a 23-year-old from Saskatoon, was last seen in August 1989 while snowboarding the Stubaier Glacier.

HIRED Vancouver's 600 AM radio station has hired veteran broadcaster **Rafe Mair**, 71. The former CKNW 980 host was let go in June after a dispute with his producer.

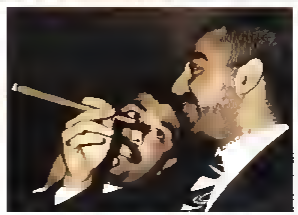
BERNARD WEIL/TORONTO STAR/CP PHOTO



Iraq | Trophy time

Brutal lives that ended in savage death. The images of their riddled corpses testify to the violent end of Uday and Qusay Hussein's years of terror. The U.S. Army wasted little time trying to coax the sons and chief henchmen of the former Iraqi dictator from their hiding place in the villa of a family friend in the northern city of Mosul. When demands for surrender were met with bullets, American troops unleashed a three-hour barrage of machine guns, grenades, rockets and, finally, 10 anti-tank missiles that ripped away the roof and walls of the building. The shrapnel-peppered bodies of Saddam's heirs and a guard were found barricaded in the remains of a bathroom. Soldiers storming the house shot and killed a teenager believed to be a son of Qusay.

In Washington, Bush administration officials were at pains to contain their glee. After weeks of bad news from the front—escalating resistance, almost daily casualties, still no weapons of mass destruction—the elimination of their second and third most wanted Iraqi fugitives offered hope of a breakthrough in what has turned into a grinding guerrilla war. "Now, more than ever, all Iraqis can know that the former regime is gone and will not be coming back," proclaimed the U.S. president. The macabre triumph, aided no doubt by a US$30-million dead-or-alive reward for the brothers, even came in the midst of feel-good homecoming celebrations for Jessica Lynch, America's favourite blond ex-POW. The optimism was short-lived, however. The next 48 hours brought six more American dead.



Qusay (left) and Uday Hussein in happier times when they ruled the roost with ruthless abandon, displayed for the cameras

It's hard to believe that any Iraqis will miss the younger Husseins. Uday, 39, gained infamy for his murderous rages, love of torture—as head of Iraq's Olympic Committee he reportedly ran a special prison for athletes who failed to meet expectations—and lust for young women. Even Saddam despaired of his erratic behaviour. In recent years, Qusay, 37, supplanted his brother as second-in-command. Less ostentatious, he was no less brutal, overseeing the secret police and Republican Guard, and leading purges against his father's enemies.

Hoping to quell widespread doubts in the Arab world about the victims' identities, Washington took the unusual step of putting their trophies on display, first releasing bloody morgue pictures of the brothers, then laying out the cleaned-up bodies for photographers in an army tent. No small irony, given the outrage Americans directed at Al-Jazeera and other Arab networks for their decision to show graphic footage of dead U.S. soldiers during the war.

If lessons are to be drawn, however, it might be in the muted reaction of a people now freed of two-thirds of a tyrannous triptych. TV networks carried distant images of tracer bullets lighting up the night sky over Baghdad. But with resistance to the U.S. occupation still widespread, reporters were unwilling to venture into the darkness to see if the shots were being fired in celebration or anger.

JONATHON GATEHOUSE

STAN HONDA/REUTERS (TOP); REUTERS

WHAT LEADERSHIP CAMPAIGN?

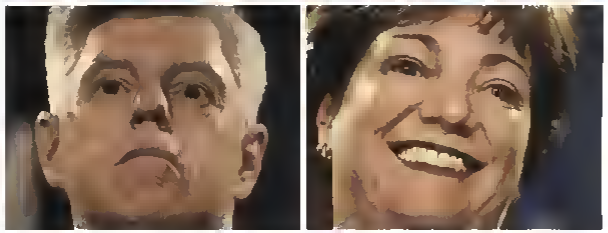
Paul Martin's now insurmountable sway over the Liberals has the potential to choke off meaningful debate within the party, writes JOHN GEDDES

THERE'S A PUB across Wellington Street from Parliament where the sandwiches are named after famous politicians. The Paul Martin is bruschetta. But what John Manley swallowed with Martin's name on his lips last week wasn't Roma tomatoes and shaved asiago cheese—it was his own pride. Like Brian Tobin and Alan Rock before him, Manley gulped, winced and conceded that Martin will be the next prime minister. All that's left of the leadership race now is the bitter taste in their mouths—and the obstinate candidacy of Sheila Copps.

Over lunch in her Parliament Hill office on the day after Manley surprised Ottawa by bowing out, Copps muses between bites of falafel about her new status as the last of the contenders still willing to remain in the ring with Martin. One subject the Canadian heritage minister won't discuss is the reality that not only is Martin virtually certain to demolish her, his margin of victory will force pundits to hunt for alternatives to the already over-used "cakewalk" and "coronation." What she *is* eager to talk about is preventing Martin's towering pre-eminence from choking off all meaningful debate among Liberals. "We've always been strong as a party because we have managed to bring together all of the elements that are percolating up through Canadian society," Copps says. "What seems to be being suggested by some now—that we should basically anoint a leader—would be very damaging for our party, for its renewal, for its capacity to attract new people."

Few would deny she has a point. But many would dispute that Copps has the stature to wage an underdog campaign strong enough to sustain the level of interest she's talking about. She has been widely discounted from the outset as possessing the least potential among Martin's main rivals. Ironically, those low expectations may have given her more staying power. Supporters of Manley and, before him, Tobin and Rock, might actually have harboured wild ideas about winning—or at least bringing a respectable number of delegates to the party's November leadership convention. So when the overwhelming might of Martin's machine extinguished those faint hopes, their leadership bids were snuffed out with them.

But Copps's backers can't afford such



Manley's out, and Copps's challenge is to attract real attention to her leadership vision

delusions. Not on the strength of a measly $340,000 of declared fundraising, up against Martin's bulging $6-million-plus war chest. Not on the backs of the 32,000 new party members Copps has signed up, against the army of 125,000 who joined under Martin's banner. And, more fundamentally, not on the basis of Copps's problematic image, which remains pugnacious rather than prime ministerial. So why bother? Copps's insistence that it's all about ideas has to be taken seriously. As Martin ascends, her obdurate stance is a reminder of the sort of factiousness that has often characterized the Liberal party at its most productive.

Her big test will be trying to get real media attention for the detailed, left-of-centre platform she plans to release this week. Asked for a preview of a key file on which her vision clashes with Martin's, her first thought is Canada's relationship with the United States. Copps casts Martin as a continentalist, focused too narrowly on Canada-U.S. ties, while portraying herself as an internationalist. "Paul has moved very quickly to support 'perimeter North America'," she says. "I think the greatest threat to our stability is the retrenchment into one continent that could be an outcome of Sept. 11." The split over how tightly to knit the two countries together shows clearly on the question of Washington's controversial "national missile defence shield." Copps is staunchly against Canadian participation. Martin has said Canada needs to be involved, at least in talks on trying to develop the system for shooting down missiles.

That's the sort of stuff that has, at least in



PHOTOS: JONATHAN HAYWARD/CP PHOTO

TOM HANSON/CP ARCHIVE

the past, got Liberals thinking—and arguing. But how much scope is there for real give-and-take while Martin holds such a daunting level of support in caucus, cabinet and even riding associations? Who dares challenge him (other than Copps)? One Liberal MP quips that the absence of much in the way of audible dissent these days is the result of "presumptive cabinet solidarity"—the self-interested tendency of MPs who hope to get into Martin's cabinet to avoid saying anything that might hurt their chances for the big promotion. That motivation won't last forever. The true test of Martin's ability to command loyalty will come after he names his ministers, unavoidably leaving most MPs on the back benches.

All prime ministers have leverage with ambitious MPs. But the breadth of Martin's power base at this stage is extraordinary. The last two important prime ministers, Jean Chrétien and Brian Mulroney, both took over their parties with no choice but to come to terms with former adversaries. Chrétien needed to bring Martin onside—even though they had been bitter leadership rivals. Mulroney had no sooner won the Tory leadership than he was reaching out to westerners like Don Mazankowski—who had done everything he could to stop Mulroney's bid to oust Joe Clark in 1983. But Martin has easily enough support among top-level Liberals to ignore those few who opposed him, although he might wisely make room for a few to avoid appearing vindictive. And polls suggest his lock on the Liberal party could be cemented with a landslide election victory, perhaps as early as next spring.

THE TRUE test of Martin's ability to command loyalty will come after he names his ministers, leaving most MPs on the back bench.

A Liberal prime minister serenely in control of his own forces. At the same time, no opposition party that looks like it stands a real chance of forming a government. For a historic parallel, Richard Johnston, a political science professor at the University of British Columbia, points all the way back to the placid 1950s government of Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent. (The ratification of St. Laurent as William Lyon Mackenzie King's chosen successor in 1948 was the last federal Liberal leadership convention where the outcome was as near to certain going in as the current one.) "It meant that most of the time the government just got its way," Johnston says. "By the same token, it lost touch with the population." And that complacency paved the way for the startling victory of John Diefenbaker's Tories in 1957.

Martin promises to do the opposite of exploiting his enviable position to concentrate power. The most prominent plank of his leadership platform is a plan to "confront the democratic deficit" (just as he did the budget deficit as finance minister—get it?). Ordinary MPs are to get more free votes and more chance to shape bills before they are passed into law. Commons committees are to be more independent from the Prime Minister's Office and gain the power to review senior government appointments. These are substantial commitments. But given the enormous clout a prime minister wields in the Canadian system, modest institutional reform will only go so far. "Once Martin's in power," says Stephen Clarkson, a University of Toronto political science professor, "whether or not the government is completely centralized will depend mainly on his leadership style."

After Martin's long tenure in finance, his style is not entirely a mystery. He is a policy wonk who likes to get deeply involved in hashing out big decisions. "He's definitely hands-on," says Jack Mintz, who worked closely with Martin as a visiting economist in the finance department in 1996-97 and now heads the C.D. Howe Institute. "He reads a lot—he's exceptional in that respect. And there are endless meetings."

The politician Mintz describes can hardly be accused of being afraid of new ideas. But as finance minister, Martin was able to manage a sort of private debating society. As prime minister, he will have to cope with dissent that's far harder to contain. The question is how willing he will be to allow other voices in government to acquire their own influence—counterbalancing prime-ministerial power in the way Martin himself did to an unusual degree during most of the Chrétien years. For now, though, Martin stands all but unchallenged. Liberals have only Copps to remind them, in her own quixotic fashion, that it doesn't have to stay that way. M



STEFAN ROUSSEAU/PA/AP PHOTO

TRUTH, LIES AND WHAT BLAIR KNEW

The death of a man who maybe knew too much has rattled the British government, writes JAMES BLITZ

TONY BLAIR strode onto Capitol Hill on the afternoon of July 17, stood before the joint houses of the U.S. Congress and was applauded more enthusiastically than any British prime minister before him. At that very moment, almost 7,000 km away in a field in the English county of Oxfordshire, a 59-year-old government scientist lay dead and undiscovered, having apparently slashed one of his wrists earlier in the day. This is the summary of British politics as it now stands, the central paradox which the 50-year-old Blair is now living.

On the one hand, the prime minister, now six years into office, is hailed in Washington as a hero, the leader who backed the U.S. in its battle to topple Saddam Hussein, despite serious opposition to the war in his party and country. On the other, the apparent suicide of David Kelly, an intense, quiet and very precise adviser to Britain's ministry of defence on chemical and biological warfare, is turning into the biggest crisis yet faced by Blair's government. It has crystallized as never before the accusation that Blair's government is bent on media spin. The specific allegation: that it deceived the public over the reasons for going to war in Iraq, even if that meant pushing Kelly to suicide.

The events leading up to Kelly's death are a complex drama. Blair and senior figures in his cabinet will be asked to give evidence to an independent public inquiry headed by a senior judge into how Kelly came to die. The hunch of most fair-minded political commentators is that this is not Blair's Watergate. But nobody is completely sure.

The plot of the Kelly affair goes like this. On May 29, BBC radio's morning program *Today*—the most important political show on British airwaves—broadcast an item by its defence correspondent, Andrew Gilligan. He reported that he had spoken to an unnamed official about the government's dossier on Iraq's weapons of mass destruction published the previous September—a document central to Blair's case for removing Saddam. Gilligan said his source told him the dossier had been altered at the behest of Downing Street shortly before publication to make the Iraqi situation appear more dangerous. The "classic example," he said, was the claim that Iraqi troops could launch chemical or biological weapons within 45 minutes of receiving an order. In an article a few days later in the mass-market tabloid *Mail on Sunday*, Gilligan embellished the story, stating that his source said the 45-minute claim was added by Blair's powerful media chief, Alastair Campbell.

A furor erupted. Campbell launched a ferocious attack on Gilligan's claim, calling it a lie. The BBC countered, saying the unnamed source was accurately quoted. Both sides knew there was much at stake. If Gilligan's report could be proven true, then the case could be made that the government went to war on a false prospectus, undermining public trust in Blair's government. If not true, then attacks on the government's credibility would be blunted and the BBC's hard-won credibility damaged.

Throughout June, the drama between Downing Street and the BBC played out before Parliament's foreign committee, which convened to examine whether the report

Blair boards a plane in London for Washington where he was praised



of the security dossier was true. Campbell, and the heads of several key government departments, told the MPs that the 45-minute point had not been added at Campbell's behest. Gilligan stuck to his story, spelling out in further detail to the committee what his source had told him, without naming the individual.

On July 7, the foreign affairs committee failed to come to a clear and unanimous verdict that would vindicate either side. Yet the following day, just as the row appeared to be playing out, a new twist occurred: the ministry of defence reported that an unnamed official had come forward saying he may have been the source for the report. Two days later he was identified in three British national newspapers as David Kelly.

A new battle between Downing Street and the BBC then erupted over someone that nobody outside the specialized world of chemical weaponry had ever heard of. Blair's aides called on the BBC to confirm Kelly was the source, arguing that—if this was the case—he was not senior enough in the government hierarchy to know whether Campbell added the 45-minute claim. The BBC still refused to reveal its source, and on July 15, Kelly appeared publicly before the foreign affairs committee in a gruelling and inconclusive hearing at which he was clearly depressed and uncomfortable. In essence, he said, yes, he spoke with Gilligan, but he didn't see the reporter's story as one based on his comments. Three days later, he was found dead in Oxfordshire.

Kelly's apparent suicide raises disturbing questions about the British media

The discovery of his body triggered something close to panic in the government. Blair had left Washington after his rapturously received speech to Congress and was flying to Tokyo when he was told the news. He immediately ordered the judicial inquiry. Then two days later, the BBC delivered another bombshell. Aware that public interest in this case was now overwhelming, it announced that Kelly *was* the "principal source" for Gilligan's story. And that's the point where things stand, with both sides waiting for a judge to decide who sent this man on the road to apparent suicide.

DID ANYONE threaten to punish Kelly in any way? And most critically, why and how did his name come into the public arena?

As the inquiry begins its work, Blair's government faces one central accusation: that in its zeal to have the BBC apologize for the Gilligan broadcast, officials brought an unacceptable amount of pressure to bear on Kelly. Did they threaten to punish him in any way? And most critically, why and how did his name come into the public arena? Government officials did not directly leak the name, we know that. But was there some kind of subtle strategy to release sufficient background information about Kelly to the media to allow three newspapers to come up with his name without difficulty?

For the BBC, the charge sheet is also serious. Did Kelly really tell Gilligan that the 45-minute item had been added at the behest of Downing Street and against the advice of the intelligence services? And even if Kelly did say that, was he really a good enough source for such a story? In the weeks after the Gilligan broadcast, the BBC described the—as yet unnamed—Kelly as a "senior intelligence source." But Kelly was not in the intelligence services and may have been little more than a technical expert.

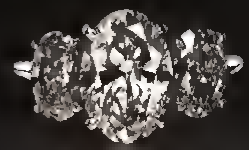
Now, the issue is where this leaves Blair. Nobody can be completely sure. This is one of those tortuous sagas where one stray e-mail, one tape-recorded conversation might link the prime minister with a strategy to put Kelly's name in the public domain. Blair has flatly denied this, but even if he does escape unblemished, a suicide and a blazing row with the BBC are embarrassing. It is also a crisis that comes at a bad time. Blair has reached that point of his premiership where the going gets tough for prime ministers. The Iraq war has been traumatic for his Labour party and the country, both of which were very reluctant to go to war. The difficulty finding weapons of mass destruction and the guerrilla resistance in Iraq have dented public confidence in Blair. And on the domestic front, left-wing MPs in the Labour party are becoming restless with Blair's radical policies to semi-privatize hospitals and charge university tuition fees.

The betting is that Blair will survive. It may be that Campbell—the *bête noire* of Britain's right-wing press—will have to quit Downing Street. Some others directly involved with handling Kelly in recent weeks may have to go, too. But Blair remains one of the most successful Labour Party leaders ever. And while the government's popularity has slumped, it remains—astonishingly in the circumstances—two points ahead of the Tories. Blair will still be prime minister this Christmas—unless he can be closely linked to Kelly's sad and lonely death.

James Blitz is political editor of the Financial Times

PA/AP PHOTO

Nothing like a little ice to cool you down »



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"I'm in prison and a riot begins. Someone tries to stab me. It's horrible—it's someone I knew in my childhood. All the prisoners are escaping. We're running downstairs. Everyone turns left, except for the person in front of me, who turns right. I follow him to a courtyard. He runs toward a tall fence with barbed wire. Sharpshooters are firing at him and he gets killed. When I turn around, security guards draw their guns, so I take off running. I hear bullets going by, I jump, and clear the fence. I realize I must be dreaming because this is impossible—there's no way I can jump 14 feet in the air. I turn around and it's my college here in Montreal. There are no sharpshooters, the fence is still there and I'm in this big snowbank. Then I throw snowballs just to see what others would say. Someone calls me an idiot. I'm thinking, 'Man, who are these people?'"

ANTONIO ZADRA is recounting the dream that changed his life. Its visceral hyperrealism spiked his curiosity about the mind's inner workings. That and the realization that he could be aware he was dreaming while still sleeping. His older brother was studying medicine and he was considering the same career path. But Zadra changed his mind and enrolled in psychology at McGill. After getting his Ph.D., he did post-doctoral studies at the Université de Montréal, where he has been a professor since 1998, delving into the mysterious world of dreams.

It's a field of study dogged by controversy, right from the start. At the turn of the last century, most of Sigmund Freud's colleagues scoffed at his claim that dreams could be studied scientifically. But the Viennese neuroscientist persisted. Through close clinical observation, he came to believe that dreams express a wish or fear and, as such, are "the royal road to a knowledge of the unconscious." The bizarre images populating our nightly reveries, he suggested, are symbolic representations of significant events and feelings, often from our childhood, disguised because we repress their meaning in our waking lives.

Freud still has his followers in academe and psychotherapy, though many researchers have moved in other directions. His science of dreams, according to Freud scholar and psychoanalytical psychologist Jon Mills of Ajax, Ont., has "withered on the vine of empirical psychology." Even so, Freud's century-old notion that dreams can be put under the microscope—or, more aptly now, the brain scanner—is undergoing a robust re-

THE STUFF THAT DREAMS ARE MADE OF

Are they manifestations of repressed feelings, or just reflections of our daily concerns? SUE FERGUSON reports on new research into our nighttime reveries.

PHOTOGRAPH BY FREDRIK BRODEN

vival. Using positron emission tomography (PET) imaging, today's neuroscientists are once again clambering to unravel the mystery of dreaming. But according to one of their leading voices, Harvard University neurologist and psychiatrist Allan Hobson, there's not much mystery. The bizarre attributes of dreams, he insists, have nothing to do with repressed thoughts or feelings. Rather, he concludes, dreams are relatively straightforward reflections of our daily concerns.

Not that Hobson speaks for everyone. Many who make their living analyzing dreams (from psychoanalysts and academic researchers to clinical "dreamwork" specialists) remain skeptical of his theories. Among them is Mark Solms, a South African-based neuropsychologist and psychoanalyst, who says PET scan evidence may yet prove that dreams reflect deeply rooted, primitive urges. In fact, he says, the research provides "the missing link between the old psychological and new neuroscientific conclusions." Standing in the wings of this debate is poor old Freud, who gets shot down and knocked around only to be propped up again, teetering on the verge of rehabilitation.

"There was one of those those ridiculous pleasure boats that people rent with a little fringe on top. I remember thinking, oh, there are too many people on that boat, something's going to happen. I stood in horror as I watched it go to one side, go to the other and then flip upside down. I could hear screams and in that moment I was thinking, OK 911, get a boat. I was just panicking. The thing that was so disturbing was that there was one child who had a lifejacket and I kept seeing her gulping water. I knew it was a dream and I wanted to stop it so the little girl can't drown."
Jennifer, 50, mother of five—Saint John, N.B.

HOBSON HAS BEEN a thorn in the side of psychologists for years, a role he seems to relish. Dream analysts (who comprise, he says, "a large cottage industry supported mainly by organized psychoanalysts") are heavily invested in the idea that what we dream about is deeply mysterious. To suggest otherwise, he adds, "drives the therapists crazy." And he should know—he's been debating them since the late 1970s, when he and a colleague, Robert McCarley, published their "activation synthesis" theory of dreaming, commonly called the brain-stem model.

McCarley and Hobson began with the then widely accepted theory that dreaming occurs only in REM sleep—the rapid-eye-movement phase that kicks in every 90 minutes or so. Experimenting on cats' brains (while no one can be sure if animals dream, they do exhibit REM sleep), the scientists showed that the amount of acetylcholine, a chemical in a part of the brain stem called the pons, dramatically increases during REM sleep. At the same time, the amount of two other pons-based chemicals, serotonin and norepinephrine, plummets. The combined effect is to deactivate the forebrain (the brain's cognitive centre, which processes sight, sound and memory), producing the bizarre sequence of events we experience as a dream. Because the brain stem is a basic regulatory centre (responsible for such things as body temperature, respiration and heartbeat), the information it sends to the forebrain has no specifically *psychological* attributes. That means, according to the brain stem model, that dreaming has nothing to do with our capacity to think or feel. Instead, it is a *physiological* result of sleeping.

Hobson now acknowledges that he and McCarley were "kind of winging it" by making inferences for humans from their observations about chemical changes in animals. Surface electrode readings (electroencephalographs, or EEGs) on people had partly confirmed their model. But advances in brain-imaging technology, Hobson says, strengthened their case further. PET scans convinced him that the brain stem theory really did apply to human dreaming. That's because the scans—first done in 1995—show an increased blood flow in the human pons (corresponding with the increased chemical activity they had identified in cats' brains) during REM sleep. They also show that selective areas of the limbic system (concerned with emotion and motivation) are activated, which helps to explain, Hobson says, the heightened feelings and vivid visual imagery of dreams. Similarly, reduced stimulation in areas of the forebrain account for enfeebled attention span, logic, memory and self-awareness when we dream. In other words, the changes that PET scans track in the human brain, says Hobson, support his theory that dreams are simply physiological responses to certain chemical changes set in motion by REM sleep.

Hobson offers a theory of dreaming, not of dreams. His focus is on what dreams have in common rather than their content because, he says, that's all science can reasonably be expected to explain. Still, he believes this approach demystifies dreams. If the exotic features of dreaming are simply by-products of a certain state of brain activation—and not, as Freud would have it, symbolic representations of repressed urges—you don't need elaborate interpretations, Hobson says. But no one should use his work to say, "Oh, dreams are a lot of nonsense," he cautions, because they still may tell us something about our emotional preoccupations.

That and much more, say dream analysts, who believe there's much to gain from examining our nightly excursions into an alternative reality. What's more, they say, no one should underestimate the extent to which dreams can contribute to our sense of well-being. According to Fredericton psychologist Alice Finnamore, dreams are full of symbols whose significance isn't always easy to discern. "Looking at a dream dictionary might give you some ideas," she says, "but it's not going to tell you necessarily what *your* dream means." That's because the symbols are culturally bound and, more importantly, reflect highly personal experiences. Free-association—letting your mind relax and wander—is a proven way of figuring out what your dreams mean, she adds.

To help dreamers along, Finnamore runs workshops using a technique developed by American dream guru and author Robert Moss. She asks participants a series of questions designed to prompt connections between their dreaming and waking lives. Her clients, she says, are "almost always able to find something, even a healing, within their dreams." Nightmares included. "When someone is chasing you in a dream," Finnamore says, "we often think that's something horrible. But it can mean that person has something that can help us."

"I'm being chased by an evil being in the shape of a man. He hates me and will relish killing me. The man is getting close enough that I can see the colour of his clothes. I can hear him breathing and my lungs are bursting with the effort. Then I'm lying in my bed and the man is at the side of it about to crawl over. I can see his features clearly and, though human, he is a monster with one eye lower than the other and hideous wrinkles surrounding his eyes and his mouth. Lips, wet and shiny, pointed rotting teeth loom over my face as he's about to kill me. Then I'm running and screaming."
Andrea, 45, dance teacher—Edmonton

OREAMS, IN FACT may help us cope with daily pressures. University of Ottawa psychologist Joseph De Koninck has spent 30 years studying the relationship between dreaming and stress. Five out of every seven dreams, he says, are unpleasant—suggesting that dreaming may be tied up with our processing of stressful situations. When he and his researchers studied people wearing inverting lenses—which show the world upside down—for four-day periods, they found that those who began to dream upside down tended to cope better with their waking-life inversion.

As for nightmares and recurring dreams, Montreal's Zadra says they can indicate difficulty dealing with problems. Nightmares are a common symptom among people who suffer from post-traumatic stress disorder, he says, and "people who have recurring dreams tend to score lower on measures of psychological well-being than non-recurrent dreamers"—a situation that disappears when the recurring dream ceases. But De Koninck stops short of suggesting our dreams *cause* our stress levels to go up or down. "It's a correlation," he says. "We're still not very advanced in understanding what mechanisms produce dreams." It's possible we have bad dreams, he adds, because our minds are "ventilating, cleaning up bad

Sleeper in Frederic Leighton's *Flaming June*, 1895 (left), Henri Rousseau's *The Dream*

MUSEO DE ARTE, PONCE, PUERTO RICO, USA/ART RESOURCE (LEFT); THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART/ART RESOURCE

things" they may have difficulty dealing with when awake.

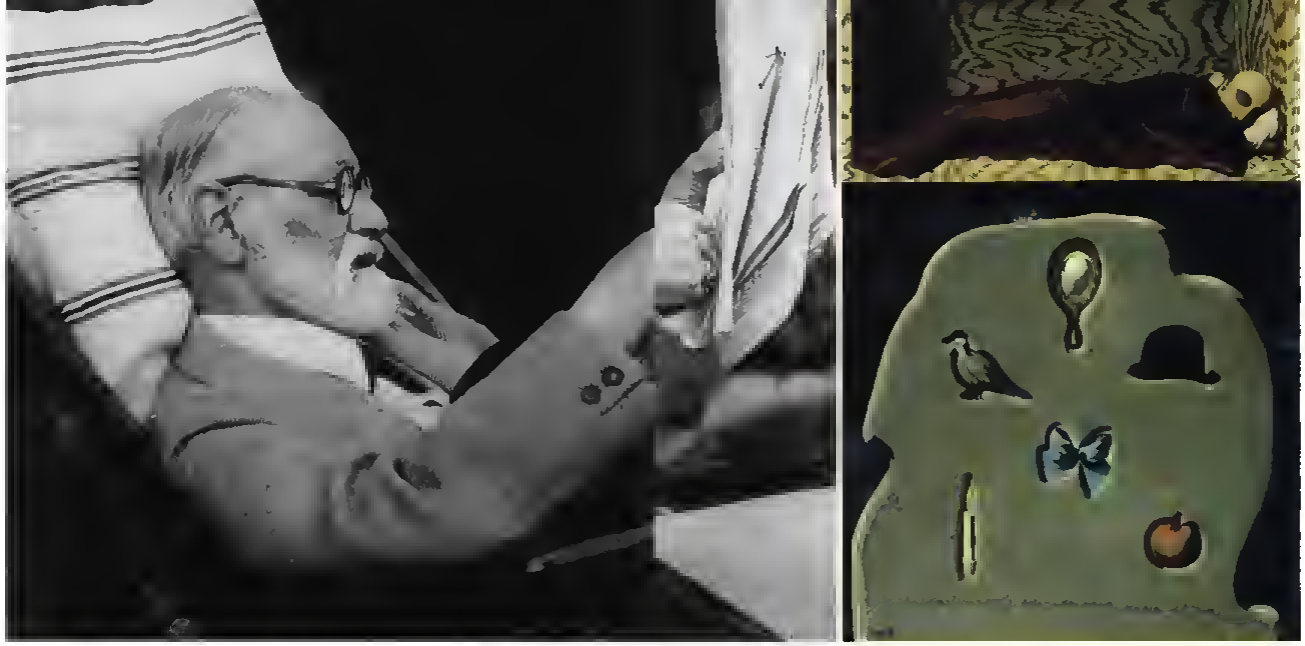
So where does this wide range of interpretation leave the father of psychoanalysis? Jon Mills's image of a "withering" Freud does seem apt. Zadra accepts that Freud's work has had a huge impact, and that "much of what he said was important." But, he insists, "there is very little, or no, empirical evidence for many of the ideas he put forth." De Koninck says flatly that Freud's main thesis—that dreams represent repressed wishes or fears—cannot be substantiated. "It's a religion now," he says. "It's not based on scientific facts."

"I dreamt about a friend of mine, who's a GP, and his wife. They're probably one of the happier couples we know and they're in retirement right now. In my dream, she found out she had cancer and rushed right home and beat up her husband. Went after him with everything she could find: kitchen knives, baseball bats. That's when I woke up. It was brutal."

Chas, 55, apple farmer—Saint John, N.B.

FREUD'S DEFENDERS hail from a different camp. Norman Doidge, head of long term psychoanalytic psychotherapy for the University of Toronto's psychotherapy program, points out that Freud is the most cited intellectual of the 20th century—a distinction bound to lead to any number of erroneous claims made on his behalf. One misconception frequently attributed to Freud is that people—and our dreams—are motivated solely by sexual desire. Freud did claim sex is deeply significant, and he had a broad understanding of sexuality as something that begins long before puberty. But to say that, for Freud, it *all* boils down to sex, "is a gross oversimplification of a very complicated model," says Doidge. "It wouldn't make the first cut of the Idiot's Guide to Freud."

Mills agrees. He notes that Freud followed his classic 1900 treatise, *The Interpretation of Dreams*, with 40 more years of research and writing. "Early in his work," says Mills, "Freud very much believed that dreams are the disguised, distorted fulfillment of unconscious wishes, some being primordial urges or impulses, such as sexuality." But by the end of his career, he amended those views, postulating a role for aggression, unconscious guilt and anxiety.



Freud remains at the heart of the debate, René Magritte's *The Reckless Sleeper*, 1928

And Freud's credentials as a scientist? He was a "hard-core neuroscience researcher," says Doidge. "He knew an incredible amount" about the way the brain works. Doidge offers a compelling example. When we are awake, our forebrains process visual information in three stages: the primary visual cortex registers things like lines, colour and movement, which are then visually dramatized in a secondary association area, a third area relates those images to an idea, or abstract thought. Freud hypothesized, says Doidge, that "the dreaming mind regresses." In other words, when we dream, that process is reversed: an abstract idea generates an image. "If the idea is something like, 'I'm special, I don't have to go by the rules the way everyone else does,' " explains Doidge, "you might have a dream of being able to walk on water or fly through the air."

It's now pretty clear that Freud had that part right. What's more, research carried out by Mark Solms has proved as much—leading that neuroscientist to radically challenge Hobson's and McCarley's brain-stem theory of dreaming. In the mid-1980s, Solms began interviewing patients with damage to certain areas of their forebrain. In waking life, a damaged primary visual cortex causes blindness; a damaged secondary association area causes complex perceptual disorders, while lesions in the third area have no direct effect on perception.

But in dreaming, Solms discovered, that pattern is reversed. Patients with damage to the third area experience a total loss of dreaming, while those with lesions in the secondary association area report complex dream image disorders (such as an absence of colour or people without recognizable faces). Lesions in the primary visual cortex have no effect on dreaming. In other words, says Solms, when we dream, our brains *do* process information in the opposite direction, just as Freud hypothesized.

Interviews with some of Solms's other subjects, however, revealed something truly unexpected. Nine of the 365 people in his study had suffered damage to what's called the ventromesial frontal quadrant of their brains, which includes the white fibres located just behind the eyes. All nine reported a total and permanent loss of dreaming. But their REM sleep continued, leaving Solms to postulate that REM sleep and dreaming are distinct phenomena—sometimes associated, sometimes not. As well, the fact that dreaming ceased in sleepers with frontal lobe damage *despite* normal functioning of the brain stem led Solms to conclude, contrary to Hobson and McCarley, that dreams must *originate* in the frontal lobe, the highest, quintessentially human, part of the forebrain.

Nine cases, however, could hardly be considered authoritative, and Solms began searching for a way to corroborate his theory. Then he recalled that fibres in the ventromesial frontal quadrant had been deliberately severed in thousands of people who underwent prefrontal leucotomies (the successor operation to the infamous frontal lobotomy) in the 1950s and 1960s to treat severe psychotic illnesses. A tour through reports from that period confirmed his suspicion: those patients had stopped dreaming, too. And while Solms's theory grew out of his work with brain-lesioned patients in the 1980s, today's PET scans, he says, confirm it: "The structures that scans show as activated during dreaming sleep are the same structures that, when damaged, as my research showed, lead to abnormal dreams or a total loss of dreaming."

"I dreamt that I was in an alley in Edmonton that I used to walk down when I was a child. I was with a woman I didn't recognize but it felt as though I knew her quite well. As we were walking a large green wall of clover about 12 feet high began to form and block our way. It was moving slowly toward us and had abnormally large leaves that were pulsing in a surreal state: becoming larger and smaller. I said we should try and find a four leaf one, but then I became aware how bizarre the situation was and woke myself up."

Joe, 40, actor—Vancouver

THE POSSIBILITY that dreams originate in the ventromesial quadrant is good news for Freud backers. Because that is part of the forebrain, Solms concludes, it follows that dreams *do* have something to do with our mental capacities, our feelings and thoughts. What's more, that area of the forebrain connects the limbic system with the higher frontal areas, making it an essential part of our motivational system. It is, he says, "what makes us turn to the world to look for the

PUTTING DREAMS TO WORK

"It is a dream! I will dream on!" The 19th-century German philosopher Friedrich Nietzsche wrote that he sometimes called out those words "cheeringly and not without success amid the dangers and terrors of dream life." The phenomenon called lucid dreaming—in which a still-sleeping person becomes aware of being in a dream—has a long and distinguished history. Aristotle, St. Augustine and St. Thomas Aquinas all reported lucid dreams. So did Freud. About five per cent of people experience them these days, says Ottawa psychologist Joseph De Koninck.

Lucid dreaming can be learned. "It can take maybe a few months," says De Koninck, who has developed his ability using autosuggestion. Before falling asleep, he contemplates a trigger image: flying. "Because we're not supposed to fly," he says, "I know that if I'm flying, I *must* be dreaming." He then uses his increased awareness to control the outcome of the dream. Instead of flying too high or falling from the sky, as he remembers doing in childhood nightmares, he goes places he says "it's a very pleasant experience."

Lucid dreams have been put to more serious use as well. Craig Webb, a dream enthusiast who runs the Dream Research and Experimental Approaches to the Mechanisms of Sleep (yes, DREAMS) foundation in Montreal, considers dreams a valuable means of skill rehearsal. As a swimmer competing at the national level from 1976 to 1986, he would practise his technique in his dreams. "I was working out the neurons to have the perfect breaststroke," he says. The late German psychologist Paul Tholey used the technique to help prepare Olympic athletes for competition.

De Koninck's student Mélanie St. Onge based her doctoral dissertation on teaching nightmare-troubled children to control their dreams. Her subjects, aged 9 to 11, recorded their nightmares in the morning. Lying in bed later that night, they revisualized the story but imagined a different ending. "When we have a nightmare, we tend to think that we're victims," says St. Onge. "But this gives the children control over what's going on." All 20 children in her study reduced the number of bad dreams.

Others have found inspiration in their sleep. The list includes Charles Dickens, Robert Louis Stevenson, Paul McCartney and Sting, along with numerous scientists and inventors. Then there's golfer Jack Nicklaus, who has corrected swing flaws in his dreams. "When you can't do it by design," he says, "sometimes the subconscious goes to work and does it for you." Maybe it *is* wise just to sleep on it. S.F.

MARY EVANS PICTURE LIBRARY (LEFT); TATE GALLERY LONDON/ART RESOURCE/ESTATE OF RENÉ MAGRITTE/SODRAC (MONTREAL) 2003

thing that we need." Think of a dog foraging for a bone, he adds, "wagging its tail, twitching its whiskers." Such a basic need-driven function corresponds nicely with the Freudian claim that dreams represent our unconscious wishes or urges. Solms is careful to say his work doesn't prove Freud was right. But, he adds, "it's strikingly consistent with the sort of thing Freud was claiming on the basis of an entirely different type of approach."

Peering into the brain, then, has reignited a century old debate. And, once again, neurologists are redefining its terms, albeit by relying on more hard-core scientific methods than Freud's. Solms credits Hobson and McCarley with discovering the mechanism for REM sleep, but believes their dream theory relies too heavily on those mechanisms. While REM sleep, he notes, is "the most likely and most sustained trigger for dreams during sleep," it's not the only trigger. "If you want to understand what a dream is," Solms says, "you want to look at the mechanisms in the forebrain, not at what it is that sets them working, especially since the thing that sets them working is neither necessary nor sufficient." Hobson's claim that specific forebrain structures are activated in response to chemicals firing up from the pons, Solms adds, cannot account for other neuroscientific research that shows people with damage to the pons still report dreams.

Hobson bristles at such criticism. "I have a theory of mental brain state—not just REM sleep—and one of the mental states is dreaming." He accepts that, "to some extent, dreams are driven from the top down," but insists that the pons chemicals are what put the forebrain "in the mood to dream" in the first place. "Can you do this without the brain stem? I think not." Pointing out that Solms is a psychoanalyst who, in his view, has a vested interest in proving Freud's wish-fulfillment theory, he adds, "Freud is a historical relic. Solms hasn't quite realized that." Clearly, a glimpse at brain activity is one thing. Reaching a definitive interpretation of that activity is another—as elusive, perhaps, as interpreting a dream.

FLYING AND SEX—WHAT OUR DREAMS CAN TELL US

You race to catch a train as it pulls out of the station. You realize you're naked in public, or sitting for an exam you're not prepared for. Your teeth crumble and fall out of your mouth. If you haven't experienced these common, unnerving dreams, chances are you know someone who has. That dreamers dip into a shared pool of themes and images is not surprising, says Montreal psychologist Antonio Zadra. We all tend to worry about similar things—school, jobs, families, health, reputation, possessions. And because we share so many cultural references, he says, "dream metaphors tend to be fairly restricted." While interpreting common dreams is up to the individual, certain understandings can—if taken with a grain of salt—provide some guiding principles.

Failing a test, says Zadra, might suggest anxiety about not meeting someone's (perhaps your own) expectations. Nakedness often denotes vulnerability, a fear of being found out or unprepared. Dreams of losing your teeth can signify concerns about being unattractive or old. And being late—in some dreams, literally "missing the boat"—suggests you may fear you have failed to seize an opportunity.

But not all popular dreams express negative emotions. While flying, for instance, can be a stressful dream experience in which you struggle to control direction and altitude, it can also be enjoyable, a celebration of your sense of power and accomplishment. Finding a new room in your house, says Zadra, "is almost universally very positive. It often reflects new facets of one's self, important changes in attitudes or behaviours."

Among Canadian university students surveyed between 1996 and 2000, most—80 per cent—reported dreaming about being pursued (without getting caught or injured). That image, suggests Zadra, "can be an elegant metaphor for a host of situations in which we try to flee from or avoid something that we're not ready to confront." Sexual experiences were second on the list, but Zadra is reluctant to offer specific interpretations since, he points out, so much depends on the context. (Are they alone or with a partner? Was it pleasurable or disappointing?) One interesting development. In a 1958 survey, men were more than twice as likely as women to report dreaming about sex, in this latest study, the gender gap has disappeared. Either the 1950s woman was reluctant to admit to sexual dreams, or women are now thinking more about sex. The truth, says Zadra, "probably lies in a combination" of the two. S.F.

PHOTOGRAPH BY FREDRIK BRODEN



THEY DONE HIM WRONG

Bank governor David Dodge did the right thing—despite what the economists said

THE AFTERMATH of the sell-off of the Canadian dollar after the Bank of Canada cut its rate on July 15 was instructive. When the Bank made its announcement, the loonie dove the way it used to on the baddest of the bad old days when the loon was despised as a diving bird. What made the day memorable was what a latter-day Sherlock Holmes would identify as the dogs that didn't bark. There were no screams of rage at currency traders from prominent Liberals and New Democrats.

Back when the loonie was daily gasping for air, Prime Minister Jean Chretien once responded angrily to a question about its weakness by dissing currency traders as useless young men in red suspenders. Hearing this, I reflected sadly on what unchecked power can do to a once-sensible man. His fury displayed an Ottawa-induced transformation of the man's appreciation of manly style. Red braces were emblems of leading-edge aggressiveness at the macho investment house where he and I worked together briefly in the 1980s during his brief sabbatical from politics. At the time, he certainly shared the traders' sense of cheeky chic.

Three decades ago, when the NDP held the balance of power in Ottawa, a big sell-off in the currency market produced outrage from the most respected socialist of that era, party leader David Lewis. His denunciations were almost at the biblical level. He reviled currency trading as an activity, and currency traders as a group, suggesting that such trading should be government controlled.

It was different this time. Such criticism as one heard was aimed not at traders—belted or otherwise—but at Bank of Canada governor David Dodge. Reporters quoted named economists and unnamed traders who groused that Dodge had "surprised" the markets by "suddenly changing course." According to Bloomberg News, of 17 economists surveyed, 15 had predicted wrongly that the Bank would leave its rate alone. Some prominent economists criticized Dodge for committing the sin of doing what the economists said he wouldn't and, therefore, shouldn't.

Dodge is on his way to recognition as one of the great central bankers of our era. His rate cut was logical, and it was based on principles he has long enunciated. The experts shouldn't have been surprised. The governor has long stated that the key to fighting inflation is to prevent economic overheating (which occurs when the economy is outgrowing its capacity). The U.S. vastly overbuilt its capacity during the late 1990s New Economy mania, thereby pushing inflation down, but triggering a serious economic downturn from which it is still trying to escape. Canada didn't get so carried away with the fad. Result: neither Canadian inflation nor the Canadian economy fell as hard as their American counterparts.

DODGE'S RATE cut was logical and based on principles the governor has long enunciated. The experts shouldn't have been surprised.

That explains why Dodge had been raising his rates while bubble-blowing Federal Reserve chairman Alan Greenspan was driving U.S. rates toward zero. Prior to the cut, Dodge's rate was 225 per cent higher than Greenspan's—an extraordinary differential with the greenback that ordinarily only occurs when a currency is in crisis—not when it is in a bull market.

The two Canadian provinces that have been supplying most of the economic heat that worried Dodge, Ontario and Alberta, were hit hard almost simultaneously by bizarre diseases—SARS and mad cow. No economist or forecaster could have predicted such science-fictional scourges. SARS drove the Greater Toronto Area into near recession. Mad cow has devastated one of Canada's major export industries, as the world immediately banned imports of Canadian beef. Before mad cow, cattle industry exports were worth $4 billion, mostly to the U.S., but also to Japan and elsewhere. According to the beef industry, 70 per cent of all Canadian beef and cattle are exported. Yes, beef is a national industry, but, according to last count, nearly three-quarters of Canadian cattle production is in Alberta. That industry is now in crisis. Dodge was raising rates, mainly because of the (economic) heat; now he's cutting rates mainly (or partly) because of the meat.

The economists' resentment is understandable, because a high-profile part of their job is making predictions about what the Bank of Canada, Federal Reserve and European Central Bank will do next. Many traders make short-term bets based on what economists predict. When the economists are wrong, they hear complaints from the traders, and the natural tendency is to say the central bank blew it.

If one is not an economist whose forecasting prestige is on the line, what reason might one have for dissing Dodge? I heard an eloquent critique from a leading Canadian businessman last week. He complained that Dodge's mistake was to cave in to the loud demands of some prominent Canadian exporters to lower rates in order to lower the loonie's value. These firms said the "high value" of the loon was hurting them. Too many Canadian firms, the critic observed, have relied on a weak currency to mask their weak productivity.

When a currency is devalued, everyone with assets denominated in that currency loses wealth. The recovery in the loonie finally made the great majority of Canadians richer in terms of their share of the world's wealth—and Dodge should have rejoiced in that prosperity, not dented it.

If placating a few crybabies were the reason for Dodge's rate cut, then he would deserve censure. But I don't believe that for a moment. The loonie's fall was primarily driven by a strong rally of the American dollar against all convertible currencies—its first since late March. The euro and pound were also being hit hard.

Dodge hasn't become a shill for badly run businesses. The loonie will fly again.

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RECORD SALES AND A WHOLE LOTTA LOVE

How is it that Led Zeppelin, a hard-living rock band that broke up 23 years ago, could still top today's charts?

Legend tells that Led Zeppelin was named by John Entwistle and Keith Moon, bassist and drummer for the Who, respectively, in 1968. Burned out on teenage wastelond—and the Who's infighting—the two were discussing how they'd love to found a new outfit with Jimmy Page, who was then playing guitar in the Yardbirds. They joked they'd call the new band "Lead Zeppelin" because it'd go over about as successfully as a lead balloon. The Who didn't disband, but Page adopted the name for his own crew of miscreants and Led Zeppelin went on to sell more than 200 million records world-wide. This past June, 23 years after the band's final concert, How the West Was Won, *Zeppelin's latest CD box-set and the five-hour long* Led Zeppelin *DVD, debuted at Number 1 on Canadian charts. That's remarkable—even admirers admit the band had more misses than hits. Two generations of* Maclean's *writers,* **Peeter Kopvillem**, *48, and* **Jonathan Durbin**, *27, assess Zep's enduring appeal*



Front-men Page and Plant (right) cultivated their nasty boy images on stage and off

KOPVILLEM: I was 15 when I first heard them. I was visiting a friend in Montreal in 1969, and I'd just bought the debut album of this hot new band on Ste-Catherine Street. The cover was something else—the Hindenburg exploding in 1937. I took off my coat, blew my nose a few times—it was a Montreal winter, after all—and plunked Led Zeppelin down on my friend's parents' stereo. It was one of those single-unit jobs everyone had in those days, but a Telefunken. German, with a tweedy grill covering the front.

Different.

So was the album. At a time when rock was becoming ponderous, lost in pretentious conceptualization, here was a rough and ready quartet. No overproduction, endemic in the age of *Sgt. Pepper*, *Electric Ladyland* and *Tommy*. Not too much of the self-indulgence that marred even my favourite band of the time, Cream (*Wheels of Fire*, the album that hit us with Eric Clapton's now classic take of Robert Johnson's *Cross roads*, also featured drummer Ginger Baker's seemingly endless solo *Toad*, as well as the dubious *Pressed Rat and Warthog*). Zeppelin was thudding bass and drums (John Paul Jones and John Bonham), screaming voice and guitar (Robert Plant and Jimmy Page). Energy to burn, sparse studio takes sounding exotic because of that very minimalism. Even the slow songs *felt* fast.

So much for boomer paeans to lost youth. I was underwhelmed by Zeppelin's live performance when I saw the band soon after at what was then the O'Keefe Centre in Toronto. (For the record, I was wearing gold coloured corduroy bell-bottoms. I was really proud of them, even though they made me look like some mutant Christmas-tree ornament.) Zeppelin was sloppy, seemingly more concerned with image than sound. It seemed as if they were taking the manic, compelling presence of a band like the Who, and turning it into preening and strutting.

I stuck with them, though, through *Led Zeppelin II*, when we all needed coolin'. By the third album, released in the fall of 1970, I was starting to lose interest. Then came the fourth album in late 1971, and the seemingly endless loop of *Stairway to Heaven* that continues to this day. It was about that time, winding on down the road, my spirit crying for leaving, that Zeppelin lost me.

Not that they noticed—they went on to make five other studio albums and a gazillion dollars. But what happened to me and other former fans? Part of it was going on to university, where I don't remember Zeppelin being particularly big. Maybe lyrics such as, *"The way you squeeze my lemon / I'm gonna fall right out of bed,"* lost their appeal when you were trying to make sense of the Riel rebellion. Pedestrian attempts to further mythologize what was already a modern mythology, *The Lord of the Rings*, also started to sound insipid. I love the book, pick it up every once in a while because it feels like pulling on a comfortable old sweater. But listening to, *"T'was in the darkest depths of Mordor, I met a girl so fair / But Gollum, and the evil one, crept up and slipped away with her"*—that was just silly.

Not to mention *Stairway to Heaven*. I know Led-end drummer John Bonham died in 1980, by most accounts drunk as a *bustle in a hedgerow*. But maybe the main reason there's never been a remaining-members reunion of the band is that Robert Plant can't bring himself to sing, *"And it's whispered that soon, if we all call the tune / Then the piper will lead us to reason."*

Shadows taller than our souls. The biggest mythologizing has been around Zeppelin itself. Some commentators have waxed eloquent about the band bringing riff rock into its own. You know: take a guitar line, work it, build it into a song. Guess they somehow missed Hendrix and Cream. And the Stones (*The Last Time*, to mention just one), the Beatles (*Day Tripper*, *Ticket to Ride*). And the notion that music is a continuum—no band qualifies as Rock Gods of All Time.

As for the guitar genius of Jimmy Page—OK, he played some neat stuff. But he was also pretty messy. Listen to what he does on the current Zeppelin release, *How the West Was Won*. On the seven-minute, 25-second version of *Heartbreaker*, he plays what was probably meant to be a show stopping guitar solo, *sans band*. "Noodling" is the word that comes to mind. And I won't dwell on the *West* version of *Whole Lotta Love*. Even though it incorporates other songs (Gene Pitney's *Hello Marylou*, if you can believe it), it's still a whole lotta more love than anyone, apart from the most committed acid-head listening to classic-rock radio, could put up with. The song never ends.

And yet . . .

Often, in the car, I also tune in to the local dino-rock station. When I hear Zeppelin, I'll catch myself tapping along on the steering wheel, building up to forcing some Plant-like primal scream out of my middle-aged throat. Something raw, elemental, pulls me in, just like it did 34 years ago.

Thirty-four years ago. Recently, driving to work, I noticed a convertible in front of me, the driver sporting thick and curly blond hair. "It's either Foxy Lady or Robert Plant," I told my wife. Then I thought, "My God, is this me, 48 years old and reduced to making long-hair jokes?" Seemingly on cue, a radio commercial ended and the DJ put on *What Is and What Should Never Be*. I didn't run, and flick to another station. Instead, I told myself I hated the song.

And turned it up. Way loud.

DURBIN: Robert Plant looked like a girl, or so those of us too young to remember Led Zeppelin know from pictures. The British foursome's open-shirted lead singer twitched on stage, moaning, yipping and yowling like he was possessed by the very spirit of rock 'n' roll, seducing overachieving youth and dropouts alike with his blues-soaked voice and golden, Roger Daltrey-ish hair. Mmm. How *womanish*. But while the Who was about epic freedom rock, Zeppelin was about sex—dirty, sweaty, nasty sex. And although many of Plant's lyrics were undeniably misogynistic (*"Soul of a woman was created below," "Livin', lovin', she's just a woman," "Lyin', cheatin', hurtin', that's all you seem to do"*), that didn't prevent his Norse mysticism and love for Tolkien from translating into raw sleaze appeal. That might not play in 2003—there's nothing more off-putting than hearing "Valhalla" in a pick-up line, save at a Dungeons & Dragons convention—but, like Lou Reed said, those were different times.

The mighty Zep swaggered, wore obscenely tight trousers and didn't care who was spinning *Stairway to Heaven* backward to find hidden prayers to Satan. That's the easy formula for rock success, and it hasn't changed one iota in the 34 years since. They were self-centred and self-aggrandizing, brutally hard and wonkily experimental, and blueprinted the antithesis of the hippie-dippy peace-and-love generation—which, by the time the band broke in 1969, had already begun to stink of sentimentality. Robert Plant's breast was no place to seek solace, unless you were tonguing his nipple. And, more than other stars of the age, he was safe for even homo-hating frat boys

NEAL PRESTON/CORBIS/MAGMA



Led Zep and *Stairway to Heaven* remain staples of dino-rock radio in North America

to find attractive. Not that there's anything wrong with being a frat boy.

Somewhere between *Good Times, Bad Times* and *When the Levee Breaks*, Zeppelin laid the foundation for thousands of bands to follow. Musically, they prepped audiences for acts like Aerosmith (who capitalized on Zeppelin's deep-fried wankery), Guns n' Roses (if *November Rain* isn't a paean to *Stairway to Heaven*, then Axl Rose has a full head of hair) and even Nirvana (Kurt Cobain's catalogue includes a rarity called *Aero Zeppelin*, which includes radio-unfriendly lyrics like *"Steal a sound and imitate/keep a format equally"*). The band is directly responsible for '80s hair-metal (the geniuses in Poison, for instance, figured that throwing a dash of Ziggy Stardust into a Zeppelin stew would produce record sales) and metal proper (*Black Dog* plus Black Flag, by way of the Misfits, equals Metallica). Even hip-hop followed suit: the Beastie Boys, P. Diddy and many more have sampled Zeppelin's work. Like Elvis, the Beatles, the Rolling Stones and the Velvet Underground, Zeppelin didn't break the mould. It cast it.

And they helped set the bar for offstage excess, too. Road stories from Plant, bassist John Paul Jones, guitarist Jimmy Page and drummer John Bonham are invariably disgusting, involving groupies, drugs, groupies on drugs and druggy shenanigans. Allegedly, their worst behaviour occurred during a U.S. tour while staying at the Edgewater Inn in Seattle, a redheaded female fan and a red snapper became intimately acquainted at the band's behest. That's grody even by today's oozing, Courtney Love depreciated standards.

After their '70s run, Zeppelin closed shop in 1980 when Bonham choked to death on his vomit. Dying for rock 'n' roll was nothing new by then—Elvis, Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin, Jim Morrison, Keith Moon and AC/DC lead singer Bon Scott had all met eponymous ends. But unfortunately Bonham's demise only proved that the band was worthy of its legend, much like how a hip-hop artist's street cred is the basis for his market viability (i.e., Tupac Shakur lived—and died—the thug life). In a sad way, that sealed their admission into the Hall of Fame as much as classic rock radio did by getting the Led out at least once every 20 minutes for the past two decades. Zep's one of the rare bands that managed to burn out without fading away. Numerous reunions and best-of releases assured they'd remain omnipresent even as their influence waned and wrinkles grew deep enough to hold water.

Despite the merchandising, they never embarrassed their legacy. Unlike the Doors, whose recent "reunion" tour dissolved into a Kafkaesque mess of lawsuits, or Ozzy Osbourne's foray into reality TV, which succeeded in destroying almost everything cool about Black Sabbath, Zeppelin's integrity remains solid. Perhaps that's the reason three-decade-old songs still sound so fresh.

And hearing the old stuff filtered through new ears is precisely what's fun about rock music, anyway. Pop *will* eat itself and it's got a cast-iron stomach. Zeppelin itself was ripping off older bluesmen like Robert Johnson, Howlin' Wolf and Muddy Waters. And by maintaining their legend, they've guaranteed that future bands will pay them homage. Even considering the skull scraping ape sounds in *Whole Lotta Love*, having Zeppelin shape the next generation of guitar prodigies is better than leaving instruction up to, say, Huey Lewis and the News. And with their continued popularity, it's only prudent to observe that their *time is gonna come*. Again and again. M

NEAL PRESTON/CORBIS/MAGMA



MISSION IMPOSSIBLE

We don't have the resources to justify sending troops to Afghanistan

WITH HIS EARNEST and principled arguments, Defence Minister John McCallum can make a beguiling case for our military presence in Afghanistan. The International Security Assistance Force under which 29 nations patrol the mean streets of Kabul and its surroundings is, he says, "the only thing standing between the nation today and the return to a failed-state situation" where al Qaeda terrorists could stage a comeback. The 1,900 Canadian troops who will assume official duties in that benighted city in late August are a natural extension of our commitment to the war on terrorism—because they buttress the fragile coalition government of President Hamid Karzai. As well, our very presence in Kabul, a sprawling city of bombed and gutted buildings, may preserve a tenuous peace amid rival Afghan warlords. And that, McCallum tells *Maclean's*, evokes "our Pearsonian peacekeeping tradition to bring security to a troubled people." He pauses. "We decided this is something that is very important and a good thing for us to do." In short, it is the idealistic Canadian way.

So we have troops plunked into an alien land where feuds span centuries. And this perilous good deed is putting huge stress on our resources. It is not that our troops in Afghanistan are ill-equipped or ill-trained. McCallum has taken pains to ensure they have everything they need, from unmanned drones that will patrol the skies to Coyote reconnaissance vehicles. Instead, it is the forces left behind that are flagging in strength, cannibalized to support a dangerous mission in a derelict city.

Seldom have so many military experts united in dire chorus about the risk. "The chances of Canadian kids coming back in body bags is high," says a despairing Senator Colin Kenny, chair of the Senate defence committee. And seldom have they argued that a single 12-month-long mission has hampered the armed forces' ability to deploy any more troops anywhere—perhaps for years. With more than 1,200 Canadians serving with the NATO stabilization force in Bosnia, we will soon have 4,000 troops in 12 trouble spots. Because each tour of duty usually lasts six months, another 4,000 are now training as replacements, including another 1,900 for Afghanistan. In turn, returning troops need to decompress. "So essentially the whole of the deployable army will be committed for the next year," warns Alain Pellerin, executive director of the advocacy group called the Conference of Defence Associations. "Because of that overstretch, it would make sense to not have any major commitments after Afghanistan for the next 18 months."

In military jargon, "operations" are eroding "force generation." That is, recruits are not being trained because their instructors are abroad. With a glitzy ad campaign last year, Ottawa managed to attract 10,000 recruits. Teachers are available for entry-level training in basics such as drills. But an estimated 1,000 are sitting in so-called holding platoons awaiting more specialized training in their chosen branch such as the infantry. "They are basically being babysat," says the conference's defence analyst, retired colonel Howard Marsh. "When the nation is at peace and the military is in difficulty, force generation should have primacy over operations."

> **'THE CHANCES of Canadian kids coming back in body bags is high,' says Senator Colin Kenny, chair of the Senate defence committe**

Such stress will almost certainly affect foreign policy. Douglas Bland, chair of the Queen's University Defence Management Studies Program, warns that Afghanistan is using up the "last remaining reserves of the army and putting a tremendous strain, perhaps the last straw on equipment." He is seething about departing Prime Minister Jean Chrétien. "He has used everything up and he's leaving." (Amazingly, despite this situation, insiders say no one in the Liberal caucus even questioned the deployment.) Paul Martin will not be able to buttress foreign policies with troop contributions. "Chrétien has scuppered the next PM's foreign policy agenda for two or three years," Bland says. "At least."

Faced with these problems, McCallum is frank—and resourceful. Canada is negotiating a reduction of its forces in Bosnia from 1,227 to "something like 200 within a year." It may also trim its 194-person force on the Golan Heights—where Canada has been since 1974. As well, the extra $800 million in 2003-2004 defence spending is being focused on the greatest needs: the army, recruit training and spare parts procurement. "The more missions we do, the more stress we put on the army," admits McCallum. "But this is a very important mission."

Important enough for the stress? There is no doubt Afghanistan is in dire shape: our troops will not even venture outside Kabul onto the turf of tribal warlords and U.S. operatives. (The situation is so combustible that Afghan elections, slated for next June, will likely be delayed, hopefully past our August withdrawal.) And Canada has taken an unlikely shine to the nation. Afghanistan is the target of unprecedented concentrated aid—more than $500 million since 1990. In January 2002, the Canadian International Development Agency pledged $100 million for Afghan projects such as land mine removal; last March, it added an extra $250 million over two years. That is our largest single-country pledge. Ever.

And yet ... It reminds me of an evening in mid-June when amateur military historian Eric Morse was about to lecture on the fall of Rome at Toronto's Royal Canadian Military Institute. In a poignant moment, war-weary veterans, some from the Second World War, rose unsteadily to their feet to toast Queen and country. Then they added a touching prayer for the "safety of our boys in Afghanistan." It was a wrenching, although certainly unintended, reminder that some important missions, no matter how great the need, no matter how brilliantly supported and executed, should only be undertaken when resources allow. M

Mary Janigan's column appears every other issue. mjanigan@macleans.ca

'ERRORS IN OUR THINKING'

A leading crime profiler says police need to become better investigators

KIM ROSSMO was working his way toward a Ph.D. in criminology as he walked a beat in Vancouver. He climbed to the rank of detective-inspector, and became internationally known in 1995 when he developed geographic profiling, a complex investigative tool that attempts to find serial murderers and rapists by plotting their attacks on a map. Rossmo, who left the Vancouver police force in 2001, has worked on dozens of high-profile cases in a number of countries, including the Paul Bernardo schoolgirl murders in Ontario, the ongoing investigation into the suspected slaying of dozens of prostitutes at a Port Coquitlam, B.C., pig farm and the Beltway Sniper case, in which two gunmen killed 10 people in a month-long crime spree near Washington in 2002. This fall, Rossmo, 48, will start working at Texas State University in San Marco, where he will do research into the geography of crime. He recently spoke with Associate Editor Amy Cameron.

You're currently a management consultant at the the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, Firearms and Explosives in Washington. What are you doing there?

The ATF is the only U.S. federal law enforcement agency to implement geographic profiling for arson and bombing cases. I have about eight crime cases that we've been asked to work on. I'm also training one of their special agents, who will be world's first female geographic profiler.

How did you develop the science of geographic profiling?

In the 1990s, professors Paul and Patricia Brantingham, at the School of Criminology at Simon Fraser University, were doing work in what's called environmental criminology, which is the influence of the environment on where and when crimes happen. I ended up doing my master's thesis on that. It was called "Fugitive Migration Patterns" and it examined the movements of criminals across the country. That led to the groundwork for geographic profiling.

You used to walk a beat on Vancouver's infamous Downtown Eastside as a city cop. Did patrolling skid row help you develop geographic profiling?

There's no better way to see spatial patterns than when you're out of the car walking a beat. You're in and out of the same bars, back doors and the alleys.

How does geographic profiling actually work?

First, it's important to recognize that it's an information management strategy, not X marks the spot. It takes the geometric pattern of crimes committed by the same person, for example, serial arsonists or rapists. It recognizes that there's a mathematical probability between where someone commits a crime and where they live. Generally, they commit crimes close to home, but not too close. So I was able to determine a way to calculate that and marking the crime locations on a map. You end up with something that looks like a coloured topographic map or mountain surface. And then you can overlay the addresses of your suspects.

Give us an example.

In the late 1990s, there was a series of sexual assaults against teenage girls in Mississauga, Ont., and police had 312 suspects. On the profile map we did for them, the person who was ultimately convicted of the crime came up sixth on the list of suspects. What we're saying is, if we can put them more toward the top of the list of suspects, police will be able to find them sooner, rather than later. But it doesn't solve a crime. You need an eyewitness, a confession or physical evidence. A profile can't do that—it's only an information management technique.

What are some of the other investigations you've been involved with?

I've worked on cases in Africa, Australia, Asia, Europe and of course North America. I just finished a project in London, called Stranger Rates in Geodemographics, that analyzes crime locations to determine the most probable area of an offender's residence. If you look at a map of Toronto, you could do overlays of census information on age, income, housing stock, average number of children per household and even buying patterns that reveal income levels and lifestyle. The British Home Office is planning to use this information to determine where rapists live. In 1997-98, I was also involved in Operation Lynx, which was an investigation into a series of rapes. It was the largest manhunt in Britain since the Yorkshire Ripper. Then there was the Paul Bernardo case and the Beltway Sniper.

How many profilers are there?

There are two with the RCMP—one in Vancouver, one in Ottawa—one with the Ontario Provincial Police in Orillia, Ont., and three in England. I'm training a woman at the ATF and the Netherlands is currently training someone. The International Criminal Investigative Analysis Fellowship was started by the FBI in the 1980s and about two years ago, all the geographic profilers joined it. So this provides training requirements, examination standards and ethical rules and allows us to communicate with each other. It's a very interesting group.

I've heard about a rogue profiler operating in the U.S.

There is one individual who inserts himself into an investigation, then does a profile and shows it to the media. But if you're showing it to the public you're showing it to the offender. And in most cases you don't want to tip the offender off, change his behaviour and undermine everything you're trying to accomplish, because he'll respond to that.

What concerns you now about the current state of policing in Canada?

As we become globalized, crime follows the movement of money and people. But you actually only have a small percentage of research focusing on what makes a criminal investigation good and what are the tools that can help police, and what makes an investigation bad. For example, what have investigators really learned from the case of David Milgaard, who was falsely accused of a murder in Saskatoon in 1969? And now there is a very real risk that we won't learn where things went wrong in the Port Coquitlam case.

Why has research into investigating crime not been given higher priority?

I think it's because certain national objectives were set for police that focused on patrol, which has been called the backbone of the police department, and not investigations.

What can be done to improve the quality of police investigations?

If we take a look at the current state of criminology, psychology and criminal justice, I think there's an awful lot we can do to improve it. Besides profiling, I'm very interested in exploring other aspects of the criminal investigative process, particularly areas in decision-making and psychology. When investigating a crime, psychological "optical illusions" can occur and we can then make errors in our thinking. When those mistakes apply to things like a murder investigation, or have a security aspect, they can often be incredibly dangerous.



PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDREA BRUCE WOODALL



The Regatta, depicted here in 1875, has its share of larger-than-life heroes

HOMAGE TO TRADITION

Newfoundland's St. John's Regatta is North America's oldest annual sporting event

TEO BLANCHARD grew up rowing dories across Newfoundland's Bay of Islands on the province's west coast. The former provincial labour minister is still happiest with an oar in his hands, but now he rows in Quidi Vidi Lake, home to the Royal St. John's Regatta, the oldest annual sporting event in North America.

When Blanchard entered the race for the first time in 1950, Newfoundland had just joined Canada and he was a strapping 20-year old. This year, at 73, he's the oldest man in his crew. But not by much. His five teammates range in age from 59 to 71. When they hit the water on Aug. 6—barring nasty weather, the race is always held on the first Wednesday of that month—they're hoping to make up for last year's disappointing last-place finish in the master's division. The problem, Blanchard says, wasn't so much age: they had a new coxswain, in his late 30s, who tried to get the boatful of vets to adopt more up-to-date techniques and strategy on the 2,450 m course. "It's hard," he explains, "to teach old dogs new tricks."

Make no mistake. Blanchard's boys are there to win. But the regatta is also about paying homage to tradition. Though it's still a matter of some dispute, the inaugural race is thought to have been held in St. John's harbour on Sept. 22, 1818, to celebrate the 58th anniversary of the coronation of King George III. A decade later, the contest moved to Quidi Vidi Lake in the city's east end, where it's stayed ever since. These days, the regatta draws roughly 400 competitors—two-thirds female—from all ages and walks of life.

ON REGATTA DAY, thousands head for the lake, leaving mail delivery and their offices for another day. Quidi Vidi turns into a carnival.

On regatta day, the city's residents turn on their radios early to learn whether the races "are a go," making it a civic holiday if the winds are not too high, thousands head for the lake, leaving mail delivery and their offices for another day. Quidi Vidi turns into a carnival-bandstands, wheels of fortune, dunk tanks, pony rides and concessions offering traditional Newfoundland grub like fish and brewis—all to raise money for charity. "People ask me why I still love it after all these years," says Jack Reardigan, 79, a former rower who raced for the first time in 1944. "I tell them it's like Christmas, only better."

During its long history, the regatta has received three British royal visits—and four competitors have drowned. Only calamities have stopped races: fighting between political and religious factions during the mid-1800s, the 1892 fire which destroyed most of the city, the two world wars.

The regatta also has its share of larger-than-life heroes, like the 1901 crew from Outer Cove, just outside of St. John's, who set a time record that stood for 80 years. More than a century later, the existing mark, 8:57.14, is a mere 17 seconds better. And that's despite lighter boats—and vastly improved techniques.

One thing that hasn't changed is the drive of the competitors. During the winter, serious rowers spend most nights at the gym hitting the weights and working on their cardio. Come May, Quidi Vidi is alive with coxswains yelling through megaphones, and fixed-seat racing shells knifing through the water. "In hockey you can depend on one star," says Patrick Barrington, 25, who began rowing in the senior men's division with his father at 16. "Here it's six equally important guys."

Most of the spectators, drawn by the party atmosphere at the "pond," may not notice that kind of subtlety. But the many purists like John O'Mara, although he never rowed himself, certainly do. O'Mara was a youngster when he starting watching the races with his father. Now 59, the retired CBC broadcaster and the regatta's resident archivist, still feels that buzz of excitement when race day approaches. "It's a beautiful thing to see all that skill and all that effort," he says.

Particularly when you know hardy souls have been racing wooden boats through the waters of St. John's since the days of Napoleon Bonaparte. M

COURTESY OF CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

'Most Aboriginal children are healthy and well-adjusted'

Mention Aboriginals, and the stereotypical images that come to mind are often bleak. Yes, First Nations, Inuit and Metis struggle with above-average risks of getting seriously sick from a wide variety of ailments, notes Jeff Reading, scientific director of the Institute of Aboriginal Peoples' Health, part of the Canadian Institutes of Health Research. But Reading says that's just part of the story—a misleading one.

I want to emphasize the tremendous resilience and strength within the Aboriginal community. We can point to negative statistics, but the vast majority of Aboriginals are very healthy. In fact, I would characterize most of my Aboriginal friends as being healthier than most of my non-Native friends.

Say you have a rate of infant mortality that's one per cent in the Canadian population and maybe three per cent in the Native population. You still have rates of infant health that are 99 per cent and 97 per cent. But when it gets characterized as differential rates, there's a perception the entire community is sick. For example, Aboriginal youth. Media images portray children in Labrador sniffing gasoline. Anyone who's never been to a Native community might assume that's endemic. In fact, most of the children are healthy and well-adjusted. Definitely, we have problems, but we really have to balance the message.

One of the misconceptions about the Native community is that we're in a state of chaos and that we're unable to manage our own affairs. It ties back to the stigmatization. If you ask people—and I've done this with first year medical students—"What are the problems in Native communities?" they'll start with physical violence, child abuse and all these dysfunctional patterns. Then I'll ask, "How many of you know an Aboriginal person?" Very few do.

Sometimes people think the Aboriginal community is a special interest group like any other, and we ought to just assimilate into the Canadian mainstream. Many people have a poor understanding of the historical context in which Aboriginal communities exist. I'd like them to see First Nations and Aboriginals as indigenous to this country before the arrival of Europeans. My [Tyendinaga Mohawk] reserve [in southeastern Ontario] signed a treaty with the Crown in the 1700s, almost 150 years before Canada became a nation state. When people say we're just another interest group, well, we think that's not true, and we have historical records to prove it.



INTERVIEW BY IVANYLO HAWALESHKA/PHOTOGRAPH BY TONY FOUHSE



A VAST SEA OF DESPAIR

A Soviet-era decision to divert its rivers has shrunk the Aral Sea, leaving behind pollution and disease

ONCE, LONG AGO, the Aral Sea was a shimmering expanse along the Great Silk Road linking Europe and Asia. Bordering Kazakstan to the north and Uzbekistan to the south, it used to be the fourth largest inland body of water in the world, covering an area almost the size of Ireland. Fish teemed in its waters, thousands of merchants, craftsmen and fishermen prospered along its shores. Fed by two rivers—Amu Darya, the mother, and Syr Darya, the father—the Aral supported a precariously balanced ecosystem. But now, vast dry seabeds stretch to the horizon, and husks of decayed fishing boats lie half-buried in the salty, pesticide-laced sand. Today, the Aral Sea is the eighth largest inland body of water, and is evidence of one of the greatest man-made ecological disasters in the world.

Soon after the end of the Second World War, the Soviet Union embarked on an economic policy of self-sufficiency in vital resources like cotton. Joseph Stalin ordered the rivers supplying the Aral diverted, to irrigate 70,000 sq. km of cotton planted in the Aral Basin. The scale of the diversion was enormous. By 1960, it became apparent the sea was disappearing, with more and more water diverted from its feeder rivers. As the shores receded—more than 100 km in some places—the area was laid to

Sergei Lipatovitsj (above), once a harbour master, points to a picture from his youth in the Russian navy (middle right) long before the sea retreated (top right) leaving only vast stretches of sand and devastating the Aral region's many towns and villages



Children play in the hull of a stranded ship (top), checking for tuberculosis (left), once bountiful, few fish remain for workers (right) to can

waste in the name of central planning.

Massive quantities of pesticides used in the irrigation projects poured into the remaining sea, decimating the fishing industry that had, at one point, landed 100 tonnes of catch a day. The declining water level led to shorter, dryer summers, colder winters. Windstorms regularly scour the dry seabed surface, and carry tons of toxic dust for miles, causing soil contamination and reducing crop yields. But to improve cotton production, successive Soviet leaders ordered more water to be diverted, and even more fertilizer and pesticides dumped onto the fields. The 3.5 million inhabitants of the region now bear the full weight of the disaster. Thousands who relied on the fishing industry lost their livelihoods and pollution brought disease. Anemia, typhoid and tuberculosis are commonplace, and acute respiratory diseases account for nearly half of all child deaths. When the Soviet Union collapsed, Uzbekistan and Kazakstan inherited the environmental disaster. Currently, an international effort is underway to slow and eventually try to reverse some of the destruction. But it will have to hurry. Most experts predict the Aral Sea will be completely gone by the end of this decade.

MICHAEL SNIDER

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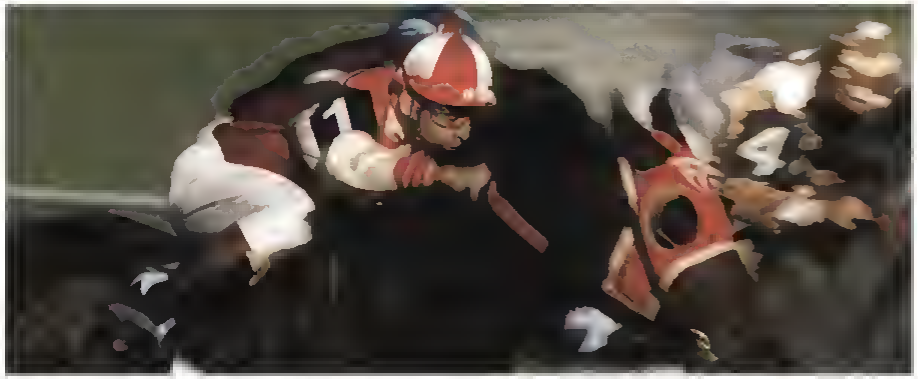
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THREE MEN AND A HORSE

Funny, sad and exhilarating, *Seabiscuit* is a big, corny crowd-pleaser that works

PEOPLE ARE EASILY amused by animals, and here's some proof. During a screening of *Seabiscuit*, the audience nearly busted a gut when the aforementioned horse took a nap under a juniper tree. That's it, a nap. You see, the Biscuit is lazy, which is funny. He's also been abused and rejected, which is sad. And he's the fastest horse in the world when he wants to be, which is exhilarating. Successfully corral these three emotions into one film—especially a true story about an animal—and people will come to see it in droves. The same way hundreds of thousands ventured to the racetrack during the Depression to see this runt run.

Seabiscuit, the horse, was small, had crooked legs and initially a laid-back attitude. He lacked the more majestic qualities of his prized thoroughbred ancestors Man o' War and Hard Tack. After being passed around and mistreated, he ended up in the hands of three men. Like him, they weren't exactly at the top of their game. Owner Charles Howard (Jeff Bridges) had made a name and fortune as a Buick dealer, responsible for supplying the entire western United States. But his passion for the automobile came to a screeching halt when his young son died in a car accident.

Modern transportation was also responsible for the downturned luck of trainer Tom Smith (Chris Cooper), a ranch horseman whose way of life was quickly disappearing. Johnny "Red" Pollard (Tobey Maguire) was arguably in the worst shape. At the onset of the Depression, the teenager from Edmonton was forced to leave a loving, but broke, family for a penniless life of jockeying—for which he was too big—and brutal boxing matches—for which he was too small. By the time Pollard joined the Seabiscuit team he was blind in one eye and ravaged from years of starving himself, as most jockeys did to make weight.

Seabiscuit, the movie, is a big, corny crowd-pleaser, weaving together the lives of these four outsiders and their plucky rise to victory in the late '30s. It tosses around brutally obvious metaphors for a nation in dire straits, driving home morale-boosting themes. "Everyone deserves a second chance," "You don't throw away a life just because it's banged up a bit," and "The finish line is the future." And yet, *Seabiscuit* works. It's not subtle, but it's not insulting—as so many big epics of a "simpler time" tend to be.

A lot of the credit goes to the three leads. Bridges has by far the biggest challenge. Howard is a larger-than-life character—ambitious, competitive, spotlight-seeking—but with a soft reserve of love and protectiveness. So while the actor is saddled with all the cheesy lines and posturing, he's able to pull back the reins to show a wounded man cultivating his new family of misfits. Cooper, straight off his best supporting actor win for *Adaptation*, plays Smith with sly smiles and quiet fortitude—a horse whisperer who could probably train humans if he tried. As for Maguire, he does the comedic/dramatic boy/man performance that's seen him steer movies away from Michael Caine (*The Cider House Rules*) and Michael Douglas (*Wonder Boys*). Red is a foul-mouthed scrapper in search of some TLC. And Maguire draws laughs during his easygoing chats with Seabiscuit and tears during Red's drive to overcome a crippling leg break. But Maguire doesn't steal the show. In this movie, everyone lets the horse take the glory.

Seabiscuit is a more than acceptable offspring of Laura Hillenbrand's 2001 best seller, *Seabiscuit: An American Legend*. Even so, there was no way to do justice to her compelling in-depth narrative, which reads more like a novel than a work of non-fiction. Every reader turned filmgoer will mourn some of the more glaring cuts. Where's Grog, for instance, Seabiscuit's look-alike brother, who was often used to fool the press? And there's a whole other movie to be had from Hillenbrand's wild tales of Pollard and his buddy, fellow Albertan George Woolf (who also rode Seabiscuit), stories only touched on in this film. Considering the Biscuit never sired any winners and went on to a leisurely life herding cattle, a sequel looks like a long shot. A prequel, though, could have some legs. M

Even Maguire as Red, the Edmonton-born jockey, lets his mount take all the glory

COURTESY OF UNIVERSAL STUDIOS



BUDDHA BOOT CAMP

Once I realized we were *supposed* to suffer, meditating became much easier

I TEND to get swept up in the daily whirl. Balancing fatherhood and a career doesn't leave much time for contemplation. One Saturday a few months ago, I was tense and rushed, running errands, when something strange caught my attention. Some men on wobbly ladders were adorning an odd little building with bright striped flags and colourful banners. On an impulse, I pulled into the parking lot. A smiling middle-aged man climbed down and greeted me at my car. I had stumbled across a Sri Lankan Buddhist monastery in the heart of suburban Ottawa. The decorations were to mark the beginning of an annual festival. I was intrigued.

"What do you do here?" I asked.

"We meditate."

"Do you offer meditation courses?"

"Just come by and meditate."

"Well, what's the schedule? What is the cost?"

"Just drop in and meditate. There is no charge."

I was given a tour and met the resident monk. The warm welcome and the shock to my preconceptions were jarring. How could there be no schedule, no brochures, no fees and no formal courses—just a haven of peace and repose? I felt the pain in my tense shoulders and decided that this might be worth exploring.

On line I found a 10-day meditation course called Vipassana, taught in the Eastern Townships of Quebec near the picturesque village of Sutton. The program promised to teach participants how "to see things as they really are." Again, for free. I registered.

When I arrived, I was relieved to find a converted ski lodge free of religious images or icons. There were no Buddha statues, no incense, and no UFOs in the parking lot. Registration included accepting five "precepts." I had to refrain from killing, lying, sex, stealing and using intoxicants. Seemed reasonable. They didn't ask for my watch, wallet or a DNA sample. My mother-in-law had warned me about that.

I was nervous. I'd heard that the course was brutally tough. No talking for 10 days, no communicating even by gestures or eye contact. There were 40 participants of all ages, split evenly between the sexes. The woodland setting is beautiful, and the centre is simple and comfortable with shared rooms and a common meditation hall. We ate well—delicious vegetarian food—but there was no meal after noon—just fruit and tea at 5 p.m.

Each day started with a gong at 4 a.m. Instruction was provided on audio tape. Between meditation sessions, we were not allowed to scamper freely through the surrounding woods. We had to stick to a marked path in the shape of a large figure eight in a field. All distractions were denied (news, contact with family, reading, writing, snacks, alcohol), and we faced 10 hours of pain and tedium each day kneeling or sitting on the floor in a chilly, darkened room. From Day 3 we were asked to sit perfectly still for three of the 10 hours of daily meditation. These "sittings of strong determination" were pure torture. I'm now an intimate of my sciatic nerve, our relationship is defined by violence and hatred. The guy next to me cracked and left, sobbing.



It's funny how men in pain start to look alike—it was hooded greasy hair and ruddy beards all around. My heart jumped one afternoon when a plastic cup materialized on the back of the bathroom sink. It had "SAVE ME" written on it. I thought it was a desperate appeal for help, but it was just a home for the sponge.

Yeah, we were miserable. We were there to suffer. The suffering wasn't a by-product, it was the point. I started to accept this, and quit fighting it. I realized that facing anxiety and pain without any way to escape is the course's primary teaching tool. After hours of struggle, my mind settled. It began to observe my situation objectively. And then the physical torture and mental anguish started to melt away.

By Day 4 my mind was incredibly sharp. We were asked to move our awareness over our bodies from head to feet. Instantly, I could feel subtle tingling, heat, pressure, and the oddly discomforting sensation of ants crawling in my hair. (Try this. Think of your scalp. Can you feel it?) By this point, my daily routine, my life, had completely left my thoughts. One afternoon during a break I realized that I wasn't even thinking about not thinking.

Then the real battle began. With all distractions gone from my mind, the soup of neuroses I usually keep tucked deep down boiled to the surface. Long-forgotten memories of trauma and joy flooded my mind. I began to notice how my body automatically reacts to what I'm thinking. One minute a memory of a confrontation with my sister set my lower back on fire. Evoking the smell of my wife's hair sent me buzzing on a high of sexual energy.

Kneeling there on the floor, physically tortured by the whims of my mind, I realized that happiness is found in breaking the link between thought and feeling. My misery is all in my head. Suddenly I felt like I was bathed in light. My body surged and vibrated, and the pain vanished. It all seemed so simple.

Then it was over. I returned to Ottawa. My little son's embrace provided a soft landing back into my day-to-day life. A calmness that had eluded me for years descended upon me. There's time to figure out what it all means. The secret is to just observe. M

Stuart Hickox is a communications consultant in Ottawa. To comment: overtoyou@macleans.ca

ILLUSTRATION BY ALAIN PILON



FILM | 49
An ingenue in a dark disturbing tale

Nora-Jane Noone was a 17 year old high school student with no experience when she won the part of Bernadette in the Irish film *The Magdalene Sisters*. Now she's earning a science degree to use as a safety net in case this acting thing doesn't pan out.



PEOPLE | 50
A triathlete on a serious mission

Joseph van Veen tested positive for HIV when he was 21. At 37, he's almost an Ironman.

Graphic arts | Adventures of the . . . Spanish flu?

Think comic books, and that might conjure images of *Spider-Man*, *Batman* or perhaps *Archie*. Rarely, if ever, would you think plague. But Vancouver illustrator Ken Boesem did and created a comic called *1918*, based on that year's outbreak of the Spanish flu that killed at least 20 million people around the world. Boesem's dialogue-free 10-page short story shows how U.S. soldiers helped spread the flu in Europe, where Canadian troops fell ill before bringing it home to the Prairies and giving it to their families. The Comic Book Legal Defense Fund in Northampton, Mass., which promotes freedom of expression, recognized Boesem's talent last month by publishing *1918* in its prestigious *SPX 2003* anthology (the 2002 edition won an Eisner Award, the comic world's Oscars). Not a bad career development. "It's a big boost," says the 32-year-old.

Initially Boesem considered illustrating the spread of AIDS—after a friend was diagnosed HIV-positive. But it didn't take much research to dissuade him. "It became an extremely nebulous thing to get a handle on." He stuck with viruses, though, and slowly turned to the 1918 outbreak. It helped that the artist had his own family connection to the frightening flu.

His grandmother often told the story of how her own father recovered from the disease when she was a teenager. He was terribly sick, couldn't eat and was wasting away when a neighbour suggested feeding him as much booze as he could stomach to chase away the germs. They gave it a shot—several shots, actually—and her father succeeded in drinking himself into a stupor. He woke up hungry, but was so intoxicated he could barely control his swaying fork. Three generations later, the great-grandson has penned a moving account of a medical tragedy—employing a considerably steadier hand. DANYLO HAWALESHKA



Boesem (right) charts the plague from Europe to Canada in his 10-page dialogue-free comic, *1918*



THEDETAILS
For more information on the *SPX 2003* anthology:
www.spxpo.com

LISTINGS

La Foire Brayonne
Until Aug. 3
More than 100,000 people are expected to attend the largest francophone festival in Canada outside Quebec to celebrate the unique Brayon culture of New Brunswick's Madawaska region.
www.foire brayonne.nb.ca
Edmundston, N.B.

International Balloon Festival
Aug. 9-17
Quebec rock star **Roch Voisine** will open this festival which features six countries and 125 hot air balloons, the biggest gathering of its kind in Canada.
www.montgolfieres.com
Saint-Jean-sur-Richelieu, Que.

Folklorama
Aug. 3-16
Taste test new foods, listen to world music and learn about countries from around the world when 47 cultures are showcased in pavilions throughout the city.
www.folklorama.ca
Winnipeg

Queer Film & Video Festival
Aug. 7-17
Panel discussions, parties and more than 180 films will be featured at the 15th annual festival hosted by the non-profit organization Out On Screen.
www.outonscreen.com
Vancouver



Film | From Irish temptress to New World tourist

Nora-Jane Noone was finishing up her final year of high school in Galway, Ireland, when she auditioned for the movie *The Magdalene Sisters*. After her final callback the then 17-year-old gave her parents very specific instructions. "I told them, 'If they ring you and tell you that I have it or don't have it, don't tell me,' " recalls Noone, now 19. "If I found out I got the part in the middle of exams, I'd be like, 'Whoa, who cares about school?' " On the last day of exams, she came home to find balloons on the clothesline and her parents ready to burst.

She was cast as Bernadette, a young woman sent to a Dublin Magdalene asylum—a laundry operation run by nuns and housing "fallen" Irish girls—in the 1960s. Prostitutes, unwed mothers and daughters who had shamed their families were sent away to these institutions, often to be used as slave labour for the rest of their lives. In the film, Bernadette's only crime is being too attractive to boys. "A temptress," is what the nuns called her.

It is estimated that one in four people in Ireland have seen *The Magdalene Sisters*, raising awareness of this dark part of Irish history. The popularity of the film has also made Noone a known commodity. But the actress is pursuing a science degree before jumping into movies full-time. Maybe that's why on her first trip to North America, to promote the film, she's more interested in being a tourist than a movie star. "What I really need to do," says Noone, "is pick my brother up a Hawaiian shirt." SHANDA DEZIEL

Diversions | Antony John

What the host of *Manic Organic* (Food Network Canada) likes

MOVIES. **THE HAIRDRESSER'S HUSBAND**. "A French film about a man who loves the smell of a hairdressing shop. It's about love when it's too intense."

CDS. **ELEPHANT** by the **White Stripes**. "The guy wrote a song that rhymes acetaminophen and *Girl, You Have No Faith In Medicine*."



DVDs | Cinematic silliness

BRINGING DOWN THE HOUSE
(Buena Vista, Aug. 5)



"When you think of hip hop, you think of Eugene Levy. When you think of hip hop, you think of a Canadian Jew." So sayeth comedian Steve Martin in this DVD's tongue-in-cheek featurette, "The Godfather of Hop." While the movie is definitely funny in a cringing, Monty Python politically incorrect kind of way, it's the extras (gag reel, deleted scenes, featurettes and more) that really bring down the house.

DAREDEVIL
(20th Century Fox, July 29)



After hours and hours of behind-the-scenes special features, it becomes clear why Ben Affleck couldn't pull off this role as a blind vigilante superhero—they spent more time designing his red leather leotard costume than they did writing him a decent story.

SHANGHAI KNIGHTS
(Buena Vista, Available)



If you can sit through the painfully unfunny first 15 minutes of this movie, it gets better. After Chon (Jackie Chan) and Roy (Owen Wilson) arrive in London—where they bumble into saving the royal family—hilarity ensues. And not just because it's fun to tease Brits. Look for profound words in the DVD extras, courtesy of Chan. "Action is difficult. Comedy is difficult. Action comedy is the most difficult."

On Aug. 5, MGM releases a whack of '80s flicks on DVD for the first time. Consumed with sex and sporting outrageously dated fashions, some of today's biggest movie stars look adorably fresh-faced in these classics: Matt Dillon in The Flamingo Kid, John Cusack in The Sure Thing, Jodie Foster in Foxes and Nicolas Cage in Valley Girl. REVIEWS BY AMY CAMERON AND SHANDA DEZIEL

CLOCKWISE (FROM TOP LEFT): PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE PIMENTEL. PHOTOGRAPH BY LORNE BRIDGMAN, COURTESY OF MONTE STRONG

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE PIMENTEL, COURTESY OF BREAKTHROUGH FILMS & TELEVISION



People | Running for his life—and the lives of others

As a teenager, **Joseph van Veen** watched an Ironman triathlon on TV and thought, "That looks like fun." Now, at 37 years old, the Toronto-based Starbucks barista will test his theory. On Sept. 7, van Veen will tackle the Ironman Wisconsin—a four kilometre swim, 180-km bike ride and 42-km run. Van Veen's goal is to raise $100 for each kilometre—$22,600—for Casey House, a Toronto AIDS hospice that writer **June Callwood** started in 1988.

At the age of 21—a year after he started living openly as a gay man—van Veen contracted HIV. He was given three to five years to live. "I've always been an optimist," he says, smiling, "but I told myself that I wouldn't see my 35th birthday." When 35 came and went, van Veen began to look at things much differently. HIV had morphed from a death sentence to a chronic long-term manageable illness. "I had to reinvent myself," he says. So he picked up a book called *Body for Life* and changed his eating and exercising habits. He set himself increasingly difficult goals (a half marathon, then a full marathon, for example). Then, last year, he watched his partner, **Bruce Edwards**—as well as a man with no legs—finish an Ironman competition. Van Veen knew that was his next challenge. "I'm a bit of an overachiever," he says. "Bruce is concerned because he thinks my motto is 'failure is not an option.'"

When asked why he chose to raise funds for Casey House, van Veen talks about the many hurdles and changes he has faced over 17 years of being HIV positive and about the similar changes Casey House has experienced. He stops and then adds: "If I am really, really honest, the reason I chose Casey House is because I haven't needed them."

AMY CAMERON

An HIV-positive Ironman competitor, van Veen will raise money for a Toronto hospice

PHOTOGRAPH BY LORNE BRIDGMAN

Books | The way we are, the way we were

Works by Toronto's Geoffrey James, internationally famous for his photographs of place, adorn two new books on subjects particularly suited to his talents. *Place* (Douglas & McIntyre), with text by eminent novelist Rudy Wiebe, a two time winner of the Governor General's Literary Award, has 46 black and white shots of Lethbridge, Alta., and the extraordinary landscape that surrounds it. *Respectable Burial* (McGill-Queen's U.P.) brings James's lens to a tinier, far tamer site—Montreal's beautiful Mount Royal Cemetery—with equally evocative effect. Text by Quebec writer Brian Young provides a history of death and burial that mirrors the evolving society and sudden disasters, from epidemics to railway accidents, that shaped modern Montreal. Canadian history in stone.





BESTSELLERS

Fiction

		POSITION LAST WEEK
1.	**THE CURIOUS INCIDENT OF THE DOG IN THE NIGHT-TIME,** Mark Haddon (4)	1
2.	**THE BIRTH OF VENUS,** Sarah Dunant (8)	3
3	**THE LOVELY BONES,** Alice Sebold (52)	4
4.	**ORYX AND CRAKE,** Margaret Atwood (14)	5
5.	**DUE PREPARATIONS FOR THE PLAGUE,** Janette Turner Hospital (1)	
6.	**THE DA VINCI CODE,** Dan Brown (51)	2
7	**VILLA INCOGNITO,** Tom Robbins (6)	10
8.	**THE KALAHARI TYPING SCHOOL FOR MEN,** Alexander McCall Smith (12)	6
9.	**THE DEVIL WEARS PRADA,** Lauren Weisberger (4)	7
10	**SHARPE'S HAVOC,** Bernard Cornwell (7)	8

Non-fiction

1.	**A SHORT HISTORY OF NEARLY EVERYTHING,** Bill Bryson (11)	4
2.	**PARIS 1919,** Margaret MacMillan (38)	3
3.	**LIVING HISTORY,** Hillary Rodham Clinton (7)	8
4.	**LEAP OF FAITH,** Queen Noor (18)	10
5.	**STUPID WHITE MEN,** Michael Moore (72)	7
6.	**KRAKATOA,** Simon Winchester (16)	1
7.	**THE SECRET VOYAGE OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE,** Samuel Bawll (5)	9
8.	**FIRE AND ICE,** Michael Adams (10)	5
9	**KATE REMEMBERED,** A. Scott Berg (1)	
10.	**EMPIRE,** Niall Ferguson (15)	2

( ) Weeks on list
Compiled by Brian Bethune

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LEADER OF THE PACK

With Manley out, Martin's focus shifts from campaigners to pragmatists

DON'T CRY FOR John Manley. Last week the deputy prime minister finally ended his shambling campaign for the Liberal leadership. The scribes immediately wrote off his political career. Your average pundit is nothing if not predictable.

So what if Manley's a bad campaigner? He's a versatile, level-headed cabinet minister, which would make him rare as hen's teeth in anyone's government. He'll be a handy guy to keep around. When you're running a government department you're not supposed to be running for higher office all the time too, although if there's anyone in Ottawa who never figured that out, it's Paul Martin. If Martin does celebrate his victory in the leadership race by dumping Manley from cabinet, he will be telling us worse things about his own judgment than about Manley's competence.

The leadership campaign, to the dismay of some Martinites, continues. It would be easy to mock Sheila Copps for staying in the race, since she faces inevitable doom at November's leadership convention. But of course Copps has every right to run. There are many good reasons for running even if you can't win: to broaden the debate, test the eventual leader, give voice to the voiceless. Only in the Liberal Party of Canada would a candidate be forced to keep mum about such motives. This party fetishizes winning, so Copps has to pretend she expects to win. It makes her look even goofier than she otherwise would.

Her stubbornness offers this handy bonus. It's a reminder to the gleeful Martinite hordes that not everyone will knuckle under to make life easier for the big guy. More such reminders are on the way.

Soon enough Martin will look back at the campaign with nostalgia. It was nice work while it lasted. He didn't have to wear a tie, have an opinion or choose between factions in any number of nasty debates. Soon he will have to govern, and soon enough—whether in September or November or February—really makes very little difference—he won't have Jean Chretien to blame any more. Martin is starting to look like the dog that spends its life chasing cars, until one day it actually catches one. Suddenly the operative question is: Now what?

Precisely because that moment has arrived, a sea change is taking place in the Martin entourage. Campaigners are out. Governors are in. The hard men and the fast talkers who stacked meetings and sold membership forms—the guys who clinched Martin's victory by making sure the other candidates would have no hope of catching up—are nearing the end of their usefulness. The other night in a swank Bytown watering hole, I listened as a few of them traded war stories about a thousand organizational fights in a hundred riding associations. They swapped anecdotes about two campus organizers named—I could not possibly make this up—"Mookie" and "La Banane," whose sales of membership forms, occasionally lubricated with beer, helped make Martin unbeatable among young Grits.



But now the work of people with names like Mookie is nearly done, and people with names like Ralph Goodale are getting busier. The rise of Goodale shows that even a candidate who bills himself as a revolutionary needs to surround himself with pragmatists. It is a safe assumption the public works minister, a stone-faced Saskatchewanian who keeps a sharp sense of humour very well hidden, will be Martin's deputy prime minister. Soon we'll also be hearing from other names in the virtual Martin government, including Senator Jack Austin, a former principal secretary to Pierre Trudeau, who'll keep the trains running for the new boss from his perch in the upper chamber.

The papers are already full of speculation that Maurice Strong, the millionaire environmentalist and businessman, will be on deck to help Martin implement his international agenda. Other key advisers, who'll be only a phone call away even if Martin can't lure them out of their office suites and into Ottawa cubbyholes, include Scotiabank chairman Peter Godsoe, Michael Phelps, former chairman of Westcoast Energy; and Peter Nicholson, all-star executive at a whack of corporations and NGOs.

One characteristic that distinguishes this emerging Martin kitchen cabinet is that it couldn't possibly bear less resemblance to the braying pack of Ontario backbench Grit MPs who have been competing in their calls for Chretien's head. That lot—Dan McTeague, Roger Gallaway, Carolyn Parrish and a dozen more—are uniquely skilled at making a leader's life hell. Nobody will be surprised when Martin re-evaluates their stock downward, now that he's about to become the leader.

As luck will have it, the moment is coming when the whiners will get a chance to show they understand times have changed. The Liberal caucus will convene in North Bay, Ont., Aug. 19-21 for its annual retreat. In recent years, these meetings have been the forum for no end of backbench muttering about the inequities of life under Chretien. This year's will be the last such retreat Chrétien will ever chair. It will also be a chance for Martin to see which of his backbench colleagues are skilled in the arts of diplomacy, restraint and dignity.

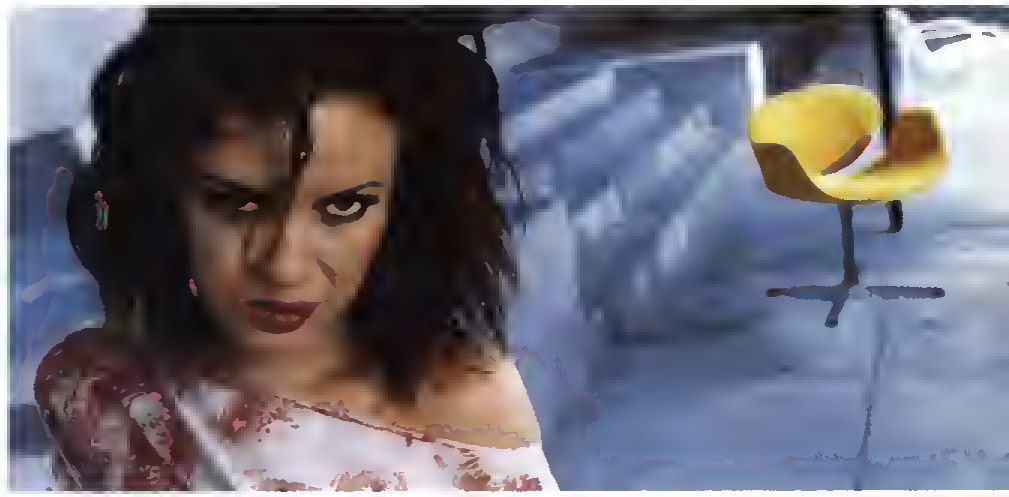
A smart MP would be on his best behaviour. Given the number of smart MPs in this caucus, it's safe to assume North Bay will be a circus.

To comment: backpage@macleans.ca

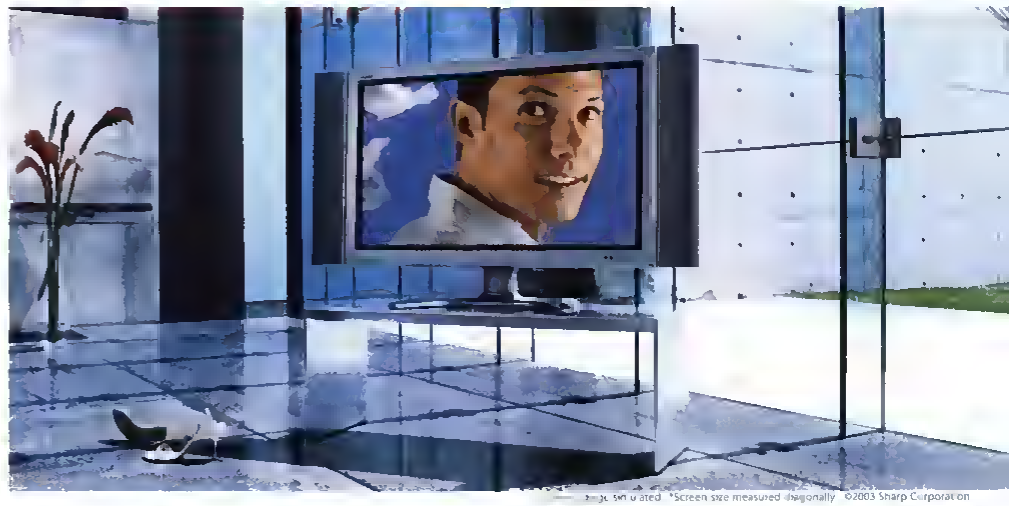
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